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## THE FUTURE.

IT is announced as certain that after the resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE Lord SALISBURY was immediately sent for by HER MAJESTY, and that he will obey the summons to-day. According to more or less well-founded assertions, the hopes, or rather the wishes, for a Coalition Government which were entertained by all the best political judges in England are not likely to be gratified, and the Administration is likely to be a purely Conservative one. It is not difficult to understand, though it is impossible not to regret, the reasons which may have led Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to decline active participation in the Unionist Government. One consideration of honour and one of interest must have been vividly present to their minds. No man likes to be accused, even unjustly, of ratting, and the complete disregard even of the most elementary principles of truth and fairness which has marked the Gladstonian press throughout the present conflict would have made the bringing of such a charge a certainty. From a much lower point of view, the prospects of the Liberal leaders when Mr. GLADSTONE's baleful influence shall have been at last removed for ever from the party and the country might have been injuriously affected by common action with Lord SALISBURY. Neither of these motives for action is a very high one; for the first is merely fear, and the second is merely self-interest not perhaps wholly well understood. But it cannot be too often repeated that it is unfair to expect demonic virtue from human beings. Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, unless some good fairy changes the situation during the next few days, will probably not be found in whatever Cabinet takes the reins from Mr. GLADSTONE's incompetent and discredited grasp. They must be presumed to have weighed the arguments for and against, and to have decided against.

The arguments for were certainly very strong. That from the public convenience, which was urged sufficiently last week, was indeed so strong that no answer can be or has been attempted to be made to it. But there are others. All men are supposed to wish that their wishes should be carried out, and there is clearly no such effectual way of seeing that wishes are carried out as the assumption of the direction of the steps taken to carry them. Moreover, it might be urged with considerable plausibility that Lord HARTINGTON and the Hartingtonians at least, whatever might be the case with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers, were morally bound, if asked, to give assistance to the Conservatives. For that they are in every case obliged to the now dominant party for solid votes given to them and resulting in their election is not their only debt, though this of itself constitutes no small obligation. It is pretty certain that in a very considerable number of cases (probably thirty or forty at least) the interference of a Conservative in the elections contested between Liberals and Gladstonians would have resulted in the gain of the seat by the Tory party. The abstinence no less than the support constitutes a claim upon those who have unquestionably benefited towards those who have all but unquestionably lost by both. But Lord HARTINGTON and his followers have, it seems, thought differently, and we regret it, not so much because it will weaken the new Government (an ingenious reasoner might find good grounds for arguing that it will not do that) as because it will to some extent weaken the country, and because a good opportunity is lost of putting an end to the comparatively modern, and very mis-

chievous, assumption that there can in any case be only two leaders or sets of leaders in the House of Commons, and that the independent coalition of any groups of the followers of these leaders is a kind of petty or worse than petty treason. The mischief of this notion was sufficiently apparent during Mr. GLADSTONE's first and was glaringly so during his second premiership, the new doctrine forcing Liberals who most assuredly did not approve of much that their leader did either to follow blindly or at any rate to abstain from opposition. Still, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect too much at once. Liberals voted and spoke for the shameful Transvaal Convention. They spoke against, if they voted for, the more shameful abandonment of GORDON. They mustered up courage both to speak and vote against the most shameful betrayal of the country to Mr. PARNELL. A party which even thus gradually is recovering the courage of its conscience may be allowed one more stage in order to come to full political discretion, and to speak, vote, and afterwards share in vigorous and combined Parliamentary action against men who outrage its convictions and are false to its principles.

There is, however, not the slightest reason for fearing that the Government which Lord SALISBURY will thus, in all probability, have to construct from his own party will be in any sense a weak one. The party from which it will be drawn will be the strongest Conservative party which has sat in the House of Commons for a generation, if the Parliament of 1874 be left out of the question, and, unless there is singular want of conduct on the part of its leaders, it will probably be strengthened yet further in bye-elections and by the attraction of Moderate Liberals to its side. It is almost inconceivable that the jarring fractions opposed to it can be made to work together, at any rate for a considerable time. Probably the new Ministry would be wise not to attempt much legislation, or to keep the Houses sitting long at present. What with two general elections in less than a year, and the Autumn Sessions of late years, the country has had on the whole a considerable overdose of Parliament. The Irish legislation which the new Government must undertake, unless we are to have a third general election in a few months, and unless the greatest opportunity which the Tory party has had for years is to be thrown away, cannot be undertaken in a hurry. The very necessary work of raising the actual working of Irish government out of the evil ways into which Lord CARNARVON and Sir W. HART-DYKE let it drop, and in which under Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. MORLEY it has been going from bad to worse, can be done as well, perhaps better, when Parliament is not sitting as when it is. There is, indeed, not a little reason for thinking that the unbusinesslike habits into which the two last Parliaments got, and the very small amount of useful work which they did, were due in part to the way in which Mr. GLADSTONE overworked them. There was probably nothing in which the older Constitution of England more excelled the mongrel imitations of it which have grown up in other countries than its recognition of the principle that a Parliament sitting constantly is a nuisance and a danger.

There will be, however, when the new Parliament sets really to work no lack of work for it, and it is for this reason as well as for others that it is desirable that the new Ministry should take plenty of time to mature their plans, and to ascertain exactly what amount of support they may count upon from the new Left Centre, which, if it keeps together, must be one of the most important forces in English

politics. There is every reason to believe that the chief desire of the country at present is for a period of quiet, firm, business-like government, and not for a continuation of Mr. GLADSTONE's plan of a blazing "question" kindled afresh every twelvemonth or so. The slight symptoms of reviving trade point distinctly in this direction, and, from a very different side, the aspect of foreign affairs, the all-important question of national defence, and other matters too many to enumerate coincide. During the last six years of sensational administration at home and blundering administration abroad business of all kinds has accumulated and has been neglected, while what is not really business has been handled. We want in no depreciatory sense a Ministry of Affairs, which shall neither be above nor below the duties of a Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE is no doubt a man of great ability; but it is curious that the last thing which seems to occur to him as the duty of a Minister is to attend to administration. He never seems to have any attention to spare for making the most of what is, in his ceaseless endeavours to change something that is for something that is not. We repeat that if the reasonable men, classes and masses alike, of the nation were consulted, the great majority would say, "For Heaven's sake let us drop politics for a time and come to business." And the wisest course for the new Ministry, however it is constituted, will be, with such limitations as the necessity of clearing up Mr. GLADSTONE's blunders impose, to recognize this temper and to try to satisfy it.

#### THE PAST.

MR. GLADSTONE has consulted his own reputation by accepting the verdict of the country, and by rejecting the advice of counsellors like Mr. LABOUCHERE. Little glory of any kind, we fear, is reserved in history for those who have suffered the recent defeat. It was a defeat in a disgraceful cause, challenged in a manner more disgraceful than the cause itself, and following upon a contest fought by methods more disgraceful still. To recover a lost Parliamentary majority, Mr. GLADSTONE has allied himself with those whom he has unsparingly denounced, has affected belief in a conversion of which there is absolutely no sign, has suddenly discovered that what may be called one of the charters under which he has held office for forty years is an embodiment of blackguardism and baseness, has resorted or allowed resort to every trick of electioneering attorneyism and every excess of electioneering violence. And his reward is that, while in November the country gave him (counting, as we know now that they were to be counted, the Parnellites as his allies) a majority of a hundred and sixty-eight, it has now, with the same reinforcement included, given him a minority of a hundred and sixteen. Some sanguine partisans of his have discovered that this is after all no such great overthrow. The passage of the index through something like a hundred and sixty degrees of the Parliamentary circle, the veering of the wind round some fourteen points of the Parliamentary compass, is, if not exactly nothing at all, at any rate a very ordinary political incident. Nay, by dint of that absurd hypothetical arithmetic which seems to come to the rescue of all parties in turn, some of these amiable visionaries have persuaded themselves that the defeat is a kind of victory, and that, if the votes actually cast had been cast in some more ideally perfect fashion, Mr. GLADSTONE would have triumphed after all. It is unnecessary to argue with any such. The dependence of the election, in the old duelling sense, was fixed beyond the possibility of evasion or equivocation by the terms of the QUEEN'S Speech when Parliament was dissolved; and the duel itself was fought out strictly and solely on that dependence. If the resulting wound does not seem much to the Gladstonian party, if they will insist that it is not as deep as an artesian well or as wide as a cathedral door, there is no need to dispute the matter with them. From the point of view of their opponents—that is to say, of those who have defended the Constitution and the Union of Great Britain and Ireland—a majority of a hundred and sixteen will emphatically serve.

It is also important to point out that the apparent lack of a substantive majority on the part of the Conservatives is much more apparent than real. No reasonable person who has studied the polls can doubt that if the Unionist Liberal seats—those lost as well as those won—had been contested by Conservatives instead of Unionists, an additional gain more than sufficient to make up the actual majority would have been made. And it is but short-

sighted to say, "So much the worse for the Conservatives; they have let Liberals in and must pay for it." The obligation of the Liberal Unionist members does not end with the declaration of the polls. Some at least of them are of that type of Liberal which has far more in common with Lord SALISBURY than with Mr. GLADSTONE, and which even in an ordinary Parliament could not be counted on to offer factious opposition to a Conservative Government. Some have had to fight so fierce a battle in their constituencies that they know their chances to be hopeless without Tory aid at any future election. Almost all have the best cause for resenting—resenting long and bitterly—the unscrupulous and outrageous attempt to coerce their votes and their consciences which has been made by Mr. GLADSTONE and the Caucuses. Very wonderful things happen in politics; it certainly would not become those who have seen Mr. GLADSTONE fighting by the side of Mr. PARNELL and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT convinced that Irishmen are born with a double dose of original righteousness to deny this proposition. But, if such heats as have arisen between Liberals and Gladstonians can be soon allayed, if such injuries as Liberals have received from Gladstonians and Gladstonians from Liberals can be soon forgiven, then there must be either more Christianity or less human nature among politicians than experience would lead even the least cynical judge to expect.

Most of the incidents of the election have already lost their interest, but there are some which are still noteworthy. Not the least of these is the resurrection of the Irish Liberal party (thanks, indeed, to the good offices of the Conservatives) and the signal defeat which that resurrection has brought with it to the ablest men of the Parnellite group. We say the ablest men, and there is no doubt that Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN, putting Mr. PARNELL aside, and perhaps not putting him aside, deserve that description. Mr. SEXTON is only a kind of pinchbeck DEMOSTHENESE, the pinchbeck quality being undoubted and the Demosthenic quality present in that proportion which chemical analysis calls a "trace." Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is a very industrious and tolerably able literary hack who has kept very bad company. The rest are either ciphers or noisy braggadochios. But Mr. HEALY has many, and Mr. O'BRIEN some, of the qualities of a really important politician, and the conspicuous absence in both of the trifling desiderata of loyalty on the one hand and the faculty of behaving like gentlemen on the other is not, unfortunately, a drawback with most Irish constituencies. Both have fought their very hardest in two of the few Irish constituencies where anything like fair fight is possible—the border districts, where the preponderant Orangeism of the North and the tyrannical Nationalism of the South meet and mix. Both had the advantage of former victory; both have now been heavily defeated, and, though some items of the Parnellite *numerus* will no doubt at once make way for them, the lesson is the same. It is the lesson which is enforced the reverse way by the meagre polls of the Loyalist candidates elsewhere. Hitherto, except in Ulster, the Nationalist bounce and bluster have been allowed to have their own way for years. Even in Ulster the fatal quarrels of Liberal and Tory Loyalists have given them no small advantage; and as long as the Ulster Liberals chose to pin their faith to Mr. GLADSTONE, they deserved the political extinction which they seemed likely a few months ago to meet with, but which, though a just judgment on themselves, was a loss to the country. They have reappeared in the persons of Mr. LEA and Mr. RUSSELL, not, let us hope, sadder, but certainly wiser men—men pledged against Mr. GLADSTONE—that is to say, against the enchanter who lured their party to ruin. We welcome them very gladly; and we only hope that their success will be the beginning of a similar resurrection of Liberal Loyalists elsewhere. It is neither possible nor desirable that all Irish Loyalism should be of one political colour, and the only effect of the disappearance of Liberals must be, and has been, to strengthen the ranks of disloyalty.

Turning to Great Britain, another resurrection, the resurrection of England, is noticeable. Some ineffable person has observed that, after all, there are four constituents of the kingdom, and three of them—Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—are in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE. The question could not be posed more happily for the right side. Of course, if more than five-and-twenty millions of people choose to be governed by less than twelve millions, there is nothing to be said. Of course, also, if the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation which Mr. GLADSTONE produced



and we christened some years ago is a correct doctrine, it is flat blasphemy for London and the home counties not to accept the dictates of Caithness and Kerry, of Donegal and Merioneth. But if history is something, and if numbers, wealth, and brains are something, and if the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation is nothing but a preposterous invention of an unscrupulous schemer, then it was time for England to wake up. England has waked up, as, except in 1874, she has not done during the latter half of this century. And, if those students of domestic economy are right who say that things cannot go well with a family when the head of it is only a figure-head, and allows himself to be henpecked by his wife and cajoled by his children and servants, then a very easy and a strictly legitimate analogy will tell us which is the healthier—the state of things shown by the returns of the present Parliament, or the state of things constantly seen during the last generation. What that state was is easily said—the country which has made the British Empire, and which claims, either by birth or adoption, the vastly greater part of all that makes a nation great, has allowed its politics to be determined and its affairs to be directed, not by what is best in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, but by Irish disloyalty, by Welsh sectarian spite, and by the amiable but wrong-headed crotchets which Scotland mistakes for patriotism. That, at any rate for the time, is at an end.

#### ENGLAND VERSUS AUSTRALIA.

BEFORE this week's match at Lord's a very good judge said that on dry wickets the Colonists were not in the same class as a strong Eleven of England, but that on difficult wickets the Colonial bowling would make them dangerous. The match was played on wickets which gave the Australians every advantage, and they were thoroughly beaten on their merits. On Monday a great deal of rain had fallen, and there was a heavy shower between twelve and two after England went to the wickets. Consequently the ground played very oddly, and such bowlers as Mr. GIFFEN and Mr. GARRETT seemed exactly suited. The ball often rose at least as high as the batsman's shoulders, and also "worked" with great activity. The difficulty of hitting leg-balls, especially at the top end, was manifest, and Mr. READ was caught in the slips from a "spoon" consequent on an attempt in this direction. The ground also caused the ball to hang, and BARNES was caught very easily off a forward play; indeed forward play was extremely difficult. BARLOW was never at home with the bowling, and, on the whole, it was plain that the Australians had a wicket κατ' εὐχην, the very wicket they could have wished. Moreover, the light was bad on Monday afternoon, a grey mist rising from the sodden ground; and the light was particularly bad when Mr. READ and Mr. STEEL were in. On the other hand, the Australians batted, both days, in full sunlight, and on a wicket which needed very little slapping and patting from the batsmen. These horticultural operations were frequent during the English innings. The Australians certainly bowled very well, all of them, and the two balls which Mr. TYLECOTE received from Mr. SPOFFORTH—the ball which bowled him and the ball which did not—might have beaten any batsman. But, after all, England scored 353, thanks mainly to the professionals, and, above all, to SHREWSBURY and BARNES. Mr. GRACE was caught at the wicket, as in Gentlemen and Players, for 18. SCOTTON played with very great care, and the game was slow enough while he and SHREWSBURY were in together. The game must always be slow when the ball requires such assiduous watchfulness as it did on the wet wicket. Not only were good hits prevented from reaching the boundary, but the ball had to be played at the very last possible fraction of a second. This, of course, gives an air of cramped style to the cricket. Fortunately, SHREWSBURY is unequalled in his power of watching a ball, and this enabled him to play his long and meritorious innings of 164 without, perhaps, giving a single fair chance. Considering the excellence of the bowling, and the nature of the wicket and the ground, SHREWSBURY's feat is unequalled in the records of these Colonial matches. BARNES, with 58, did yeoman's service, and both men hit very freely when they had the opportunity, making thirteen off a single over. All the Australian bowling was tried; Mr. SPOFFORTH had the best analysis, but it was to Mr. TRUMBLE that SHREWSBURY's wicket fell at last. It was a pity he got out, as LOHMANN, his companion, seemed likely to give a great deal of trouble.

Mr. STEEL's innings was very brief, his old enemy I. b. w. found him out when he left his ground to play Mr. SPOFFORTH to leg. The Australian fielding was often slovenly; perhaps allowance should be made for a wet ball. One very easy chance was dropped.

The Australian inningses were the apotheosis of BRIGGS. We confess that we were somewhat surprised at the selection of this player, who contributed a simple "duck." But he amply justified his claims to a place. His bowling was perfectly straight, he had great variety of pace, and no man ever bowled wickets with more beautiful examples of breaking length-balls. Again and again BRIGGS removed the bails with a ball which crossed the whole width of the wicket. He also fielded excellently to his own bowling and elsewhere. At the very end of the second Australian innings he missed Mr. JARVIS off BARLOW. Next ball Mr. STEEL missed him again, but threw in the ball so cleverly that Mr. EVANS was run out. BARLOW deserves the credit of the wicket. He, too, bowled capitally, as, indeed, did LOHMANN (who got no wicket) and BARNES and Mr. STEEL. The English bowling was better than we ever remember to have seen it, and the fielding all round was astonishingly excellent. The hardest hits were stopped and returned with perfect neatness and grace. Mr. TYLECOTE kept wicket perfectly, and perhaps was unlucky in having one decision (for a catch off BARLOW) given against him. From the Pavilion the thing seemed a certainty, but the umpire knows best. There were thirteen byes, second innings, as every ball not taken at wickets is likely to be good for four.

As to the Australian batting, Mr. PALMER's (20 and 48) was much the best. He played very many good balls with perfect assurance, and hit hard when he deemed it safe, which he often did not. Mr. JONES and Mr. SCOTT also batted very well first innings, and Mr. TRUMBLE made a useful 20 in the second venture. But when BRIGGS was once on from the Pavilion end, with the other left-hander, BARLOW, from the top end, wickets fell like leaves in November. BARLOW's twenty-five overs for twelve runs and two wickets was a wonderful performance. He bowled twenty maidens, whereas out of thirty-eight overs BRIGGS had seventeen maidens and forty-five runs for six wickets. Australia cannot now get the best of the three England matches, but they will probably do themselves more credit at the Oval. In any case, we can no longer think them on a level with the best of the Colonial teams we have seen in this country.

#### THE CONSERVATIVE POSITION.

THE necessity that a Government should be formed is even more urgent than the selection or announcement of a policy; but, on the assumption that Lord SALISBURY and his party take office, any indication of the spirit in which they are to exercise power will be watched with profound interest. The change which has been effected in the position of the Conservatives by the last election is surprising, though the result is not absolutely satisfactory. There is no doubt that they have profited by a genuine reaction; but, possibly its force and extent may have been too fully represented in the returns. Mr. GLADSTONE has once more exhibited unequalled skill in frittering away a great majority. It was a rash experiment to appeal to the country on almost the only issue in which his opponents proved to be on the popular side. If, indeed, he had won, his triumph would have been the more complete, because it would have shown that his personal influence was paramount. A demagogue who had succeeded in forcing the Irish Government Bill on the nation would have had no resistance to fear when he might propose any other revolutionary measure. From some of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches it might be inferred that his scheme was more heartily cherished because it was a paradoxical innovation. He dwelt with suspicious reiteration on a doctrine which he had perhaps recently discovered, that in England the absence of a written Constitution prevents the existence of any impediment to the wildest organic change. Jurists who have dilated on the omnipotence of Parliament have generally relied on the supposed security which is derived from constitutional conventions universally, though tacitly, accepted. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, gloated over the license which would, as he hoped, enable him, by the vote of a simple majority, to destroy the unity of the kingdom. It is difficult to supply any other

interpretation of a grave tactical blunder. Attacking the enemy at the strongest point, he has been utterly defeated. A prudent adversary will remember that the mistake may not be repeated.

An accurate apportionment of the reasons and motives which prevailed in the great majority of the English constituencies would be an impossible undertaking. The rant and the cant which tickled the ears of the groundlings could not but make the judicious grieve; but sentiment and passion are not repugnant to the taste of the multitude, and more votes were probably gained than lost by Mr. GLADSTONE's eccentric violence. There may perhaps be some electors who are not revolted by the assertion that Mr. PITT's great achievement was a "blackguardly" proceeding. The special demerits of the Irish Government Bill and the Irish Land Bill had probably little effect on the decision. The subject is complicated, and the great body of voters have neither power nor inclination to examine its details. A wholesome repugnance to an alliance with Mr. PARNELL and his followers, purchased by abject submission to their demands, was widely felt; but Mr. GLADSTONE's inconsistency and arrogance provoked much of the hostility which caused his defeat. There remain, as probable causes of the partial triumph which has been achieved, the principles which the Conservatives must cultivate and exemplify if they are to derive permanent advantage from their recent success. The Irish Bills are dead or indefinitely postponed, but the contest between Conservatism and revolution is chronic and perpetual. If the representatives of order and of constitutional tradition could be supposed to have received a mandate from the electors, the instructions on which they have to act would be couched in the most general terms. In the words of a celebrated manifesto of Sir ROBERT PEEL, they should devote themselves to the reform of proved abuses, and not to the disturbance, except for sufficient reasons, of established custom and practice. Of late years Conservative leaders have erred in both directions. Mr. DISRAELI, while he took little interest in ordinary domestic legislation, was unduly jealous of the popularity which his adversaries sought to acquire by organic changes. Even if measures for the extension of the franchise were necessary twenty years ago, they were not the proper business of himself or of Lord DERBY. The consequence of injudicious competition with his opponents was that Mr. GLADSTONE both outbid him and moulded the new Reform Bill to suit his own purposes.

The collapse of Mr. GLADSTONE's power and reputation will probably warn his successors, to whatever party they may belong, of the danger which is incurred by any alliance with a disloyal Irish faction. A Conservative Government will not repeat the mistake; nor will it hastily adopt any of the alternative plans which were produced with superfluous frequency during the late contest. In one of his most thoughtful speeches Lord SALISBURY called attention to the abuse of the powers which are already possessed by elected local bodies in Ireland. If he nevertheless finds it necessary to enlarge the popular element in Irish administration, he will not fall into the error of interposing provincial councils between county municipalities and the central government. The immediate want of Ireland is to be firmly ruled. Lord SALISBURY incurred some odium by expressing the opinion which he shares with all sound politicians. It would perhaps have been more judicious to abstain from a declaration which could not fail to be perverted. As Cardinal NEWMAN once observed in a sermon at St. Mary's, "That a thing is true is no reason for saying 'it.' It is a reason for doing it." It must be confessed that the most authentic revelations are sometimes unseasonable, especially when they are addressed at the same time to friends and to enemies. If a Conservative Ministry introduces any scheme of Local Government for Ireland, its judgment will not be perverted by any hope of conciliating Nationalist support. Mr. GLADSTONE has done irreparable harm by offering concessions which will henceforth become the minimum of Parnellite demands. The mischief will perhaps be partially diminished if his failure discourages the proposal of dangerous compromises and instalments.

The late Parliament had in the course of a few months rendered itself at the same time ridiculous and formidable by a series of votes for novel measures and resolutions proposed by private members, which were almost always supported by the Government. Early in the Session a majority affirmed the expediency of admitting women to the franchise, and on the eve of the dissolution an attempt

to charge election expenses on the rates was only defeated by the House of Lords. Mr. GLADSTONE took the opportunity of preparing the way for a subsidiary or minor revolution by a declaration in favour of the payment of members. Other instances might be cited of wanton interference with existing custom and with proprietary rights. Mr. LABOUCHERE's Resolution for the disestablishment of the London Parks was perhaps intended to serve as an illustration or a caricature of the destructive omnipotence of the House of Commons. A Conservative Government, if it possesses the powers without which it can do no effectual service to the country, will steadily repress the restlessness of legislative amateurs. The anarchical inferences which Mr. GLADSTONE deduces from the non-existence of fundamental laws suggest the necessity of resolute resistance to unnecessary change. It is intolerable that an extemporaneous vote should effect an innovation which in America would require the sanction by thirty or forty separate Legislatures of a constitutional amendment. The defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish Bills proved that even the late Parliament was not prepared for the disruption of the kingdom at the bidding of an unscrupulous demagogue. The humbler lesson of the distrust with which petty and irresponsible projectors should be regarded had not been fully learned when an incapable and presumptuous Legislature was dissolved.

If a Conservative Government is bound to cultivate the instinct of Conservatism, it must at the same time devote itself to the task of beneficent legislation. It is not to be regretted that all parties are pledged to one important class of measures. The establishment of elective local government in rural districts is inevitable, and under wise Ministers it may be introduced with safety, and perhaps with advantage. Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues were greatly to blame for trifling with the question after their accession to office in 1874. Two Bills introduced by Sir RICHARD CROSS in successive Sessions were deservedly neglected and forgotten. If there had been no public need for legislation on the subject, it was obviously for the interest of the party and of its leaders to preclude hostile agitation, and to anticipate the legislation which would otherwise devolve on their opponents. The opportunity is now likely to recur, and a second error of the same kind would be inexcusable. A future Radical Government might perhaps devise a machinery of subordinate Parliaments instead of confining itself to the creation of County Corporations. Lord SALISBURY has clearly explained the objections to provincial Legislatures, and it may be added that any system of the kind would cripple municipal administration. All sections of the population have a right to the securities for freedom and good government which are provided by their direct dependence on the Imperial Parliament. County Boards or Councils will be charged with administrative, and not with legislative, functions. The great urban Corporations, on which the rural municipalities ought to be modelled, would assuredly not tolerate the control of little provincial Parliaments. Any Local Government Bill which may deserve the support of the House of Commons will be at the same time comprehensive and essentially conservative.

#### THEATRICAL TERMS AND TECHNICALITIES.

DATES are not only the fruits of history, as we were told in our childhood, they are also the seeds of litigation, as we may see by a case tried in the Queen's Bench Division last week before the MASTER of the ROLLS. This case was brought by the manager of a theatre at Leicester against the manager of a travelling company for breach of agreement. As the Court held that there was no agreement proved, we need say nothing about the main issue; but had the agreement been proved, the case would have turned upon the meaning of the phrase, "a vacant date." The manager of the travelling company wrote to the manager of the Leicester theatre, asking for "a vacant date," and he was answered that December 14th was "a vacant date." It is evident from the evidence that the manager of the theatre believed that an agreement had been made, for he reserved December 14th for the defendant, and on the defendant's non-arrival he closed his theatre. His suit was for the damage sustained. He sued for his share of the profits which would have been made during the week beginning December 14th had the defendant's company duly performed at Leicester. Had he been able to



prove an agreement, the question would have arisen as to whether he was to collect damages for his loss during the six nights of the week beginning December 14, or only for the loss on a single night of December 14. In other words, can "a vacant date" be more than a single day? In making his decision, the MASTER of the ROLLS said, "There has been an attempt to prove that which I should have thought it was very difficult to prove, and I should have been inclined not to accept it—namely, that the words 'vacant date,' which in their ordinary meaning in the English language mean nothing else but a day, in the theatrical profession mean a week." As the meaning of the words "vacant date" was not the point in issue, the remarks of the MASTER of the ROLLS are *obiter dicta* merely. We have no right to expect that all HER MAJESTY'S judges shall be versed in the technicalities of every trade or profession to which may belong the disputants who come before them, and, in the present case, the plaintiff's counsel did not succeed in setting forth the usage of the theatrical profession as to this phrase. There ought not to have been any difficulty in showing that "a vacant date" may be more than a day, when used by managers of local theatres and managers of travelling companies. It may mean one day or it may mean a week; it might even mean two weeks, in some special cases, all depending on the size and importance of the town where the date was vacant. In villages and other places where it was customary for a company to give only one performance, a vacant date would include only one day. But in the great majority of English towns the travelling companies remain exactly one week, performing on six nights; and in these towns the words "a vacant date" would be taken to mean not only the Monday, but also the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday following.

Oddly enough there is no adequate glossary of English theatrical terms, nor are these terms (with a few exceptions) to be found in any English dictionary. The French have a lively little *Dictionnaire des Couliasses*, and the technicalities of the stage are fairly, if not fully, represented in *LITTÉRÉ*. We heard not long ago that a list of theatrical terms was being carefully prepared for the editors of the new dictionary which is now in preparation by the Century Company of New York; and, if it is utilized, that dictionary will be the first in which the seeker after knowledge can find the explanation of words and phrases which have an exact meaning, which are used daily by the thousands who are employed about the theatre, and which are not at all slang, but genuine technical terms. We have no wish to cast any aspersion on slang; for it is a most valuable feeder of the language, and tends to keep the current from stagnation. There is much to be said in favour of the "phrases such as camps" "may teach, Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech," as Mr. BRET HARTE has it. That there is much theatrical slang no man may deny who knows anything of the secret regions of the stage. Who can tell us why American actors call an old joke a "chestnut"? Who can explain the discrepancy between the French phrase for a damned play, "un four noir," and the English, "a dead frost"? And why is it that what the Frenchman calls "a black oven" the Italian calls a "bottle"—*fiasco*? A writer in an English newspaper several weeks ago concluded an essay on this interesting subject with the remark that "of theatrical slang there is no end," having, unfortunately, in the course of the article proved conclusively that he did not even know the beginning of it. He was ignorant enough and he was bold enough to tell his readers that when "business" is bad the treasury is empty and "the ghost walks," when, in fact, as everybody ought to know, "the ghost walks" means that salaries are paid quite regularly—S.P.Q.R., as the old actor read the inscription on the Roman banner. The writer ventured also to declare that preference is given to a comedian who can "gag"—a very doubtful assertion, for the practice of gagging is one that *Hamlet* strongly objected to. "Gag," of course, is not a slang word at all; it is a time-honoured technicality of the theatre, and its use is absolutely indispensable. The late CHARLES MATHEWS wrote a letter once defending the thing—the word needs no defence—and, within the limits he set, "gagging" is not a bad thing. "To take the stage" has a wholly different meaning in the ears of an actor from that it has in those of a coaching-man; and to an actor the "float" is not what it is to a fisherman. It would be easy to fill a page with a list of words which have a special technical meaning when they are applied to the stage. In any case turning on one of these special meanings, it is the prime duty of counsel to bring forward

witnesses to prove this use of the word. There is a presumption that every man knows the law; but there is no presumption that either the judge or the counsel are acquainted with the technical terms of any given profession.

#### THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

IF the American Convention or Treaty of Extradition passes safely through its remaining stages, it will at least prove the good faith and the moral courage of the American Government. It will be welcomed in England chiefly on account of its possible application to the perpetrators of Fenian or Nationalist outrages; but only one or two of the clauses of the draft treaty relate to crimes which partake of a political character. The rest of the document is confined to the laudable object of completing the list of ordinary crimes which will require the surrender by either party of a fugitive from justice. The American offenders who hope to secure impunity by crossing the Canadian frontier, are probably more numerous than the English subjects who are restricted to the use of a few lines of steamers. If this is so, the United States might, according to a not unusual mode of computation, be supposed to make the greater sacrifice; yet it may be doubted whether any country has an interest in protecting foreign criminals against capture and surrender. It may almost be said that, like mercy, extradition is twice blest. The country which gives up the criminal has one undesirable inmate the less, and the Government which prefers the claim has the advantage of preventing evasion of the penalties imposed by its law. Between England and the United States there is not even the difficulty in negotiating a treaty of extradition which sometimes occurs when the contracting States are not equally civilized. Neither English nor American legal functionaries can be suspected of causing a miscarriage of justice from corrupt motives. It is only when the law and the facts justify extradition that it will be either demanded or conceded.

The agreement of the English and American Cabinets is but a preliminary step to the final settlement of the question. The Senate, both in its executive and in its legislative capacity, the House of Representatives, and the English Parliament must concur in any diplomatic agreement which may be concluded. It is by no means certain that the Republican majority in the Senate will approve the action of a Democratic PRESIDENT; and, if the Treaty is sanctioned, Congress may possibly refuse to pass the laws which would be required to give effect to the Convention. On the English side little difficulty is to be apprehended, unless the Senate or Congress should modify the clause which is understood to provide for the extradition of dynamite operators. The most atrocious of crimes is incidentally mentioned as a possible incident to malicious destruction of property. Such an offence, when it takes the form of an explosion in a crowded street or inhabited building, not unfrequently involves murder as well as damage. It is only when a new Clerkenwell outrage is regarded by English law as a crime that its authors, if they escape to the United States, will be liable to extradition. On the whole, the terms of the proposed treaty appear not to err on the side of excessive stringency. An additional chance of impunity is offered to dynamite practitioners by the claim which many of them might establish to the character of American citizens. O'DONOVAN ROSSA has probably long since been naturalized, so that, in the improbable contingency of his visiting England or Ireland in the prosecution of his designs, and afterwards escaping to America, he would be protected from surrender.

As in all similar instruments, provisions are inserted in the Convention for the protection of persons charged with political offences. In every case the proper authorities would have both to interpret the exception and to form a judgment whether it applied to the particular act. Neither of the contracting parties would have reason to complain of a liberal interpretation of the exemption clause, as both of them have for many years jealously guarded the immunities of foreign refugees. Spanish or Italian exiles charged on more or less plausible grounds with conspiracy, with rebellion, and sometimes with contemplated regicide, have been equally safe from pursuit in England and in the United States. Lord PALMERSTON went so far as to urge the Sultan to refuse to the Russian and Austrian Governments the extradition of the Hungarian generals and officers who had taken refuge in the Turkish dominions

after the war of 1849. No demand was made for the surrender of other civil and military defenders of the cause of Hungary who escaped to England or to America. Even if Kossuth and his associates had not contended for national rights, it was notorious that they had levied large armies and that they had conducted a regular war. Many foreign insurgents who had only been engaged in petty outbreaks or in unsuccessful plots had relied with good reason on English hospitality. The protection which was afforded to some of the so-called Southern rebels when they came to England after the American Civil War can scarcely be quoted as a precedent, inasmuch as the victorious Government of the United States was almost as anxious as the refugees themselves to avoid the necessity of taking criminal proceedings against the Confederate leaders.

The confusion which has been created more recently between political acts and ordinary crimes is due to the ingenious audacity of Irish agitators. Mr. PARNELL's friends, if not himself, including some of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, have excused, applauded, and almost canonized some Fenian adventurers who murdered a constable in the North of England in an attempt to rescue an accomplice of their own. The prelates who approve the act may be held responsible for the moral and religious character which is claimed for the "Manchester martyrs." The more practical question of the legal quality of their proceeding will be raised if a similar outrage committed in England or Ireland is followed by the escape of the murderers to the United States. By Article 4 of the Convention "no fugitive criminal shall be surrendered under the said treaty [of 1842] or of this Convention if the crime in respect of which his surrender is demanded be one of a political character." A further provision that he shall not be surrendered if it is intended to try him for any political offence may be disregarded, as it is almost impossible that such a case should occur. Mr. PHELPS, in his despatch to Mr. BAYARD, remarks that the exception of political offenders is unnecessary, "because such a clause establishes a universal rule to which all extradition treaties are subject." If the proposition were not enunciated by so sound a lawyer as the American Minister, it might be doubted whether any general rule supersedes the express words of an international convention; but it is unnecessary to discuss the point, as Mr. PHELPS has adopted the more cautious course. It is much easier to exclude political offences from the operation of the treaty than to define them. The Manchester murder might perhaps be held by an American magistrate to fall within the definition of political crimes.

It may be inferred from Mr. PHELPS's despatch that the main object of the Convention is to prevent for the future "the constant escape of criminals in flagrant cases, in respect of which there would be no dispute." It may even be doubted whether the clause which has exclusively excited attention in England was regarded as important by the American negotiator. It is strange that the mention of malicious injuries to property should be understood as being applicable to dynamite outrages, even with the appended condition that life should be endangered. The injuries to property which were caused by the explosions at the Tower and Westminster Hall, though they were not inconsiderable, scarcely aggravated the atrocious crimes of which they were the accompanying conditions. It is possible that objection may be taken to the words of the First Article in the Judiciary and Foreign Affairs Committees of the Senate, to which the Convention is referred. If the Committees report favourably, the Senate is expected to confirm the decision by the necessary majority of two-thirds; but the final settlement will probably be postponed for several months. The terms of the Convention must be embodied in an Act of Congress before it can be executed by the judicial authorities. Congress is now rapidly winding up the business of the Session, and probably it will not proceed to give legal effect to the Convention till it re-assembles in December. The delay may be borne with equanimity, inasmuch as the security to be provided against Fenian outrages is of little value.

The legislative and administrative measures which are apparently required by international comity are of a different kind. The plots which have caused general uneasiness, and which have in some cases had disastrous results, have been for the most part organized in American territory. Although blustering ruffians of the stamp of O'DONOVAN ROSSA have often accused themselves of

enormities which they have not had the courage to commit, the criminals who have been convicted of dynamite outrages have almost without exception been employed by American conspirators. The country which affords them an asylum may be thought to have incurred the obligation of restraining their criminal activity. If the municipal law of the States or of the Union is insufficient to meet such cases, the defect ought to be remedied by local or federal Legislature. It is admitted that every Government is responsible for acts which it permits, either by the defect of the law or by its imperfect execution. American apologists reply that their Government has not been furnished with evidence on which it could act, or they suggest some other excuse. There is little use in complaining; and reference to the unwholesome influence of Irish voters only causes useless offence. The impudent attacks of Most and his associates on social order have had more effect in producing moral indignation against criminal anarchy than any verbal arguments.

#### THE USHER'S WEED.

WHY EUGENE ARAM committed murder is a problem which exercised the minds of jurymen and the imagination of Lord LYTTON. The true reason, though ARAM never revealed it, is that *he was cut off from his tobacco*. Being an usher, he was, like other ushers, forbidden to smoke, and this preyed on him till he did the rash deed. It is very much to the credit of the scholastic profession that assassins have been so few in their blameless ranks. What can be more trying to a young man of University education and human habits than the constant hypocrisy of the usher? The theory at school is that boys are not even aware of the existence of tobacco. We have known the harmless cigarette of the spectator of a match in a school-close pronounced a crime. The notion appears to be that, as boys, very properly, are not permitted to smoke themselves, they must be led to believe that the masters never "drink the shameful," as a peculiarly degraded African tribe calls smoking. Of course this is a purely idiotic and meaningless hypocrisy. The very first thing every boy does in the holidays is to smoke in the train on the way home. Not that he likes it, but because it is a sign of manliness and freedom. This, ye mothers of England, accounts for the pallor of your darlings on the first day of their arrival in the happy domestic fold, where they don't think it necessary to smoke unless they really like it. The hypocrisy about not smoking presses, as we have shown, very hard on ushers. Often our English schools are surrounded by grounds and gardens which were meant for the contemplative man's recreation. But, if one is on a visit to the head-master, one is requested not to smoke there. The boys might see it, the boys might smell it, and then, adieu to virtue! Having once learned that a guest of the head-master's smokes, the boys will plunge into a career of vice. They will bully and use cribs in form, and drink at public-houses, and commit every other crime known to adventurous youth, from poaching to making a book on the Derby. What are the consequences? Why, just as Radicals argue about maintaining the law in Ireland, "discontent is driven in." Radicals appear to think that Irish discontent is a form of measles, only dangerous if "suppressed," but harmless or even salutary if indulged in open manslaughter and public arson. This is an odd doctrine, but more or less true about smoking. The head-master's guest is driven to smoke in his bedroom, more or less up the chimney. Examiners who go down to the public schools know all the horrors of the situation. The head-master's wife is often a lady who is rather particular. Let her not, ah, let her not censure Brown of Balliol or Jones of Trinity, who has contaminated her curtains; rather let her accuse the stern coercive law which deprives a poor examiner, much more than an usher, of his cigarette beneath the free air of heaven.

At Kidbrooke School, Blackheath, a seminary with whose history we are unfamiliar, this queer counterblast against tobacco has caused divers woes. A certain master was charged with the shameful thing, smoking, "in violation of the regulations of the school," and lost his place there. He then appeared in the rôle of a plaintiff; but Mr. Justice DENMAN thought that he was not aggrieved (as perhaps he was not), but had disobeyed "a reasonable order." Reasonable, indeed, but not with a sweet reasonableness. The ushers, as people say, have the remedy in



their own hands. They need a trade-union. They must establish a Free-smoking League, or something of that sort. Who would be free themselves the pipe must blow. It is ridiculous to pretend to suppose that boys do not know that masters smoke. They are only amused by the secret degradation of their unhappy preceptors. Why should not the under-masters of a school have their smoking-room without the painful restrictions which prevailed at Kidbrooke School? Why should they be driven into holes and surreptitious corners and shamefaced prowlings? No boy is a bit the better for it. A rule might almost as well be made to prevent masters from using razors.

#### THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

THERE would be a species of indecency in making argumentative capital out of such a shocking incident as the death of DANIEL MORIARTY at Woolwich. The whole thing is sickening to any one who has once seen the process of running the molten metal in a foundry. It is, however, only right that responsibility should be brought home to the proper quarter, and if in the course of discharging this duty it falls to any one to find further proof of the stupidity with which the work of the nation is done at Woolwich, the Ordnance Department may bear the blame of whatever apparent indecency there may be in making use of this man's horrible death. At present there seems to be every reason to believe that the accident need never have happened if the foundry business at Woolwich were conducted with half the care shown in private works. Experts have come forward to declare that twenty-four hours is the time required to allow a newly-cast steel ingot to cool thoroughly. From the evidence given at the inquest it appears that at Woolwich a space of an hour is thought amply sufficient, even in the case of a great mass of metal. It is also plain that the whole conduct of the work is left in the hands of the men themselves. A sufficient amount of good work is done for the Government to justify this confidence to a certain extent. When material familiar to the men is to be manipulated according to an old and well-known process, it is safe, and, judging from what can be seen of their superiors, even wise, to leave the hands to do as much as possible by themselves. Casting steel is, however, a delicate operation, and requires some scientific knowledge on the part of those who direct it. At Woolwich none at all seems to be devoted to the work. Mere labourers are left to get through with it as best they can by the light of such rule-of-thumb knowledge as they have acquired in dealing with other metals. It is no justification for the department to say that the foreman of the gang which was casting this particular ingot was a steady and experienced hand. There is no doubt as to his having honestly tried to do his best; but, as a matter of fact, his best, by no fault of his, was not enough. The officials who are responsible for supplying the country with good guns ought not to have left an insufficiently educated man the whole control of an operation requiring more scientific training than he could be expected to possess. In view of the evidence given at the inquest, we can only wonder that no accident of this character has happened before. At the same time the public may begin to understand better how it is that guns burst so frequently. When the metal they are made of is handled in such an unintelligent way, when scientific ideas of doubtful value, to begin with, are left to be carried out by the rule-of-thumb skill of men with no scientific knowledge at all, when ingots are shifted and hammered before they are properly cool, it is a mere matter of course that flaws are discovered in the manufactured article.

Just when this incident has occurred to throw light on the slovenly system of control at Woolwich, there come in the natural course of things more stories of failure among the weapons turned out from our only Arsenal. At home and on foreign stations the guns, big and little, are being condemned as too dangerous to be fired. Mr. ARMIT has written to the *Times* to report two new instances which were known to, but not reported, by the official world. In the East Indies it has been found necessary to condemn several of the 7-pounder screw guns "owing to the escape of gas where the two parts of the gun are screwed together." Whether a bad system or bad workmanship is to blame, it is clear the country has to thank Woolwich for another bad gun. Meanwhile here is another story to the same effect from the Channel. On the 2nd of July the

Reserve Squadron had some target practice. On board the *Ajax*, at least, the practice did not last for long. Two rounds only were discharged from her foremost turret. When the first was fired there "was such a discharge of refuse powder and gas from the axial vents that the men were ordered out of the turret before the next round was fired. After that [a second round, fired from outside, we suppose] it was decided not to fire the guns any more." On examination these imposing 38-ton guns were found to be scored and affected with cavities. The copper discs of all four were broken. The A tubes were cracked. In view of the conditions of these weapons of war, Admiral BAIRD, not being of opinion that it tended to the good of the service to have his gunners killed or maimed at drill in time of peace, gave orders that these guns were not to be "fired again except in case of action." If any enemy suddenly appears in the Channel, so we understand this order, why then the men of the *Ajax* must run the double risk of being killed by him and scorched up by discharges of refuse powder and gas from the axial vents of their own pieces. With a Russian or Frenchman blazing into them, they must needs do the best they can with 38-ton guns full of cavities, scored here and there, and cracked in the A tube. Save, however, in cases of such extreme need, gun drill is much too dangerous in HER MAJESTY'S navy. While that is suspended, the crews can be employed at small-arm drill or manning and arming boats, or washing paint, or polishing up metal, including the guns with cracks in their A tubes. After all, these beautiful weapons won't be any the more useless for being kept clean, and a smart first lieutenant can always find work for a crew. One wonders, however, what will be the feelings of the gun's crew which has to fight the turrets of the *Ajax* when the hour for action does arrive. It is an ignominious state of things. Nothing more disgraceful can be imagined than that the country which is still at the head of the industrial world, which used for centuries to make the best ordnance, and which still possesses private works capable of turning out weapons second to none, should supply its navy and army with artillery of a distinctly inferior kind. We are not unaware that there is commonly a good dash of exaggeration in the complaints made of the work done for the Admiralty and War Office. Angry naval and military gentlemen are in the habit of using strong language, and very commonly prefer the effective word "all" to the tame phrase "a large part." Very likely all our guns, rifles, bayonets, and swords do not get scored, crack, emit refuse powder and gas at their vents, jamb, bend, or break; but a great many—too many—do fail in these varied ways. Ever since the gun of the *Thunderer* burst in the Mediterranean there has been an unbroken series of these accidents, culminating in the shameful failure on board the *Collingwood* and this last scandal on board the *Ajax*. In the face of such a story, it requires an almost heroic degree of official obstinacy and conceit to spirit the Ordnance Department up to maintain its old tone.

The internal history of the Arsenal during all these years while its handiwork has been failing all over the world is a story which has often been told, but which needs to be repeated, since it seems to be forgotten after each successive repetition. More than a generation ago Woolwich devoted itself to making iron guns, although a good case could even then be made out for the use of steel. Since then steel has been adopted by other nations and private makers in England, till at last Woolwich has been forced to use it little by little, and always on as small a scale as it could. The superiority of iron was a dogma in the Arsenal, and, if the facts did not agree therewith, so much the worse for them. Then Woolwich made its mind up that the muzzle-loader was better than the breechloader, and clung to this article of its creed long after improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder had removed every excuse for adhering to the old method. At last it was forced out of its rut, and deserted wrought iron and the muzzle for steel and the breech. Then, going grudgingly to work, it made the *Collingwood's* guns with as much of the old in them and as little of the new as it well could. The result of this hocus pocus was the production of guns declared to be bad by good judges, acknowledged to be bad by Woolwich, put on board the *Collingwood* nevertheless, and proved to be worthless the first time they were fired with about a quarter of their full charge. If all this does not mean ignorance, obstinacy, and carelessness, so careless as to be dishonest on the part of Woolwich, then the rules which guide any man in judging private enterprises must be useless in criticizing the work of a public department.

Woolwich has steadily chosen the wrong path, and, therefore, it has been weighed and found wanting. That is the plain state of the case, and the inevitable deduction is that Woolwich ought to be very thoroughly overhauled. Within a few days a Ministry which did make a fairly strenuous effort to improve the administration of the navy on one side will be in office again. It will now have an excellent opportunity to continue its good work by taking the Ordnance Department in hand as it did the dockyards. The time has gone past when the Department had any right to plead its good intentions or ask for further trial. Its good intentions have gone to paving stones too much as it is. Naval and military officers in the House ought to make it their duty to enforce the necessity for an administrative reform on Ministers. They have worked well at the task of securing an increase in the mere numbers of our ships and men. Now they will be well employed in insisting steadily on an improvement in the quality of the weapons supplied. In particular, they ought to strive for the holding of some such inquiry as is demanded by Colonel HOPE, or extort from the Ministry a very clear statement of the reasons why no such inquiry is held.

#### A KIT IN A POKE.

THE true story of Dr. VINCENT AMBLER and his kitten does not reflect much credit upon Police-constable PARDY, 342 D, or Police-constable STACEY, 439 C. These active and intelligent officers, who seem to have a good deal of time on their hands, saw Dr. AMBLER the other day in Oxford Street "with a small white kitten half in and half "out of his coat-tail pocket." Tastes of course differ. Some people like animals in their pockets; others do not. But the criminal law draws no invidious distinction between them, leaving each class to follow its own devices. The late Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND was in the habit, according to his biographer, of returning from a country walk with beasts enough to form the nucleus of a menagerie concealed about his person. 342 D proceeded to say that Dr. AMBLER repeatedly struck the kitten on the head, and announced his intention of operating upon it. This seemed on the face of it rather an improbable story, and its credibility was not increased by the allegation, which appears to be common form with the police, that Dr. AMBLER "used obscene "language." Dr. AMBLER's defence was a very simple one. He said that the kitten was trying to escape, and that he pushed it back into his pocket. A "gentleman" who, according to the police, called their attention to Dr. AMBLER's conduct, was not forthcoming in court, and the evidence of the constables was absolutely uncorroborated; while several witnesses testified to Dr. AMBLER's high character and habitual kindness to animals. A more trumpery charge was probably never brought before any judicial tribunal since the days of Mr. Justice BRIDLEGOOSE. Mr. NEWTON, however, with his usual wisdom, thought fit to adjourn the proceedings for a week, in order that search might be made for the missing "gentleman." That person, if indeed he exists, does not bear the grand old name without abuse. It turned out that he had given a wrong address, and the police were therefore unable to find him. We do not suggest that this failure was due to the same cause which prevented BETSY PRIG from coming to close quarters with Mrs. HARRIS. But still it is unfortunate for 342 D and 439 C that they should not have been successful in their search. But the "gentleman" eluded their vigilance, and when that fact was made known to Mr. NEWTON last Tuesday, he abruptly dismissed the case.

This, however, is scarcely a suitable point at which to close the investigation. Nine friends of Dr. AMBLER's who went to Marlborough Street on Tuesday to testify in his favour express some not unnatural anger at the way in which the case ended. Mr. NEWTON, they complain, "declined to hear from the defendant or his counsel any word "of protest as to the conduct of the policeman or the gross "injustice that had been done in charging the defendant "without any evidence of the offence alleged against him." We must presume that these last words are not to be taken literally. If the constables had been unable to say anything against Dr. AMBLER of their own knowledge, and had relied merely on what the anonymous "gentleman" told them, there would clearly have been nothing to justify a remand, and even Mr. NEWTON would not have ordered the defendant to attend again. It is just the fact that the police did give evidence of what they themselves professed to have seen

which makes this case so serious. Dr. AMBLER has, of course, completely vindicated himself from an absurd accusation. We sympathize very much with him in the trouble to which he has been put and in the demand which he has been forced to make upon the kindness of his friends. But it is quite true, as Mr. NEWTON says, that Dr. AMBLER's defence was heard on the first occasion, and it is also true, as Mr. NEWTON did not say, that Dr. AMBLER has his legal remedy in an action for malicious prosecution. The question now becomes one of less private and more public interest. Dr. AMBLER was arrested and taken to a police-station, while going about his lawful occasions. The magistrate before whom he was brought disbelieved or refused to act upon the statements of the police, and discharged Dr. AMBLER. It looks, therefore, very much as if the police must have been guilty either of the grossest misconduct, accompanied by something like perjury, or of recklessness and ill-temper, which ought at least to be brought formally under the notice of their superiors. The character of the Metropolitan Police as a whole is so deservedly high that it is of the utmost importance to weed and purify its ranks of all unworthy members. After Dr. AMBLER's formal discharge and Mr. NEWTON's exculpatory statement, the constables themselves, or at all events their Inspector, would doubtless welcome the inquiry which Sir CHARLES WARREN may be trusted to hold.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S LEGACY TO IRELAND.

WE sincerely trust that every amiable or unamiable simpleton who believes that you can experimentalize *ad libitum* on the framework of society without mischief has read the very significant letter addressed a few days ago by Colonel M'CALMONT to the *Times*. The story which it tells is very short and simple, and, as it is the complete justification of certain warnings which every sensible man has been in vain endeavouring to impress for months past on every man of the opposite description, it is to be hoped that as many men of the latter kind may have read and perpended it as possible. It is on this wise:—Colonel M'CALMONT was driving in a cab the other night through Sackville Street, Dublin, accompanied by his wife, another lady, and a gentleman. On entering Sackville Street they passed a body of some hundreds of police, and on going about two hundred yards further they found themselves in the midst of a ferocious mob. How fortunate, says the English reader at this point, that the police were so close at hand! Even if a mere fortuitous concurrence of bane and antidote, it is pleasing to think of, just as is the growth of the dock-leaf in the vicinity of the nettle. Such reflections, however, would be sadly premature. Colonel M'CALMONT and his party were violently assailed with stones and other missiles, the cab windows and the Colonel's hat were smashed, and the cab all but overturned; but without the appearance of any police upon the scene. The party were at length permitted to proceed, "on the intervention of the leader of the people, "who chivalrously observed that there were ladies among "them." The conduct of the mob, it is true, was subsequently, and for an Irish mob sufficiently, explained. It seems that the assailants had mistaken their victims for a party of Orangemen returning from a meeting, and naturally began to pelt them. But the conduct of the police does not admit of so easy and innocent an explanation, and Colonel M'CALMONT does not transgress the canons of scientific caution in drawing the inference that the police signally "failed in their duty." He has further learnt, on the authority of an eye-witness, that "others suffered similarly to, and "fared much worse than, ourselves," and, in fact, that there "was a good deal of what is called 'bad work' that night." At the police office he was told with dry humour that he and his party were lucky not to have had their heads broken; and the Commissioner of Police courteously remarked that he "could not have anticipated such an occurrence." In a letter to the *Times* he has somewhat more fully, though not by any means adequately, developed his meaning; and we now gather that the reason why the Commissioner could not have anticipated the assault upon this particular cab was because, as a matter of fact, the assault upon it was a solitary instance.

Unsatisfactory as is the Commissioner's exposition of his remark, it seems to have been made in all seriousness, and we must therefore acquit him of all suspicion of the irony which Colonel M'CALMONT seems disposed to impute to him. At the same time, the circumstances would be very tempting



to any Commissioner of an ironical turn of mind. For, as a matter of fact, it would not be easy to imagine an occurrence which at this particular juncture of affairs in Ireland might have been anticipated with greater confidence. We know of no reason why the ordinary law of causation should not hold good in political as in other affairs, or why it should be possible for a reckless and unscrupulous Ministerial gambler to discredit the authority of law by every means in his power in a given country without producing the natural effect of paralysing the arm of the Executive. Colonel M'CALMONT leaves the readers of his letter to judge whether the scandal of which he complains is due to "fear of the mob, or apathetic indifference, amounting to connivance, on the part of the Dublin police"; but, in truth, it is not necessary to make our selection between two causes so closely allied and so difficult to discriminate from each other. Mr. GLADSTONE has been so busily employed for months past in justifying the dislike of Irishmen for a law which comes to them "under a foreign aspect and in a 'foreign garb' that no one can be surprised if this conception of its character has begun to impress itself alike on those whose function it is to execute that law and on those whose duty it is to obey it. No wonder that the Dublin police should 'fear' the mob, who have such high warrant for resisting the agents of the foreign oppressor, and no wonder that their apathetic indifference to its odious sanctions should at times reach the point of conniving at its defiance. The plain truth is that Mr. GLADSTONE has done his best to add a demoralization of the Irish Executive to an already existing demoralization of the Irish people, and his malign efforts have been attended with very remarkable success. That question of "social order" which he admitted to claim the first care of the Government in Ireland, and which he audaciously proposed to settle by capitulating to the party of disorder, has been desperately complicated by his own most mischievous policy in office; and his successors will find themselves confronted by a task indefinitely more arduous than that which they approached with such an unfortunate lack of decision in the January of the present year. Everywhere throughout Ireland the people have been familiarized with the idea that the Imperial Government, opposed to an organization which has practically thrust it aside and taken its place, intends to negotiate and not to fight. Every tenant who has been encouraged by the National League to withhold the rent which he might pay without the slightest inconvenience believes this. It is believed by every Moonlighter who seeks to compass his ends by murder or mutilation, and by every boycotter who uses the less violent, but hardly less cowardly, weapon which the League puts into his hand. And the incident which we are discussing would appear to show that the belief has gained sufficiently firm footing even among the Dublin police. It may be, of course, that the chiefs of the Dublin executive are the parties directly in fault, and that they have bettered Mr. GLADSTONE's instructions by impressing their subordinates with the duty of special leniency towards the unfortunate subjects of a foreign law. But if this explanation be correct it only makes matters worse. The fact remains that, whether with or without a hint to that effect, the Constabulary of the Irish capital have conceived the idea that to display too much vigour in reducing unruly mobs to order is not the way to commend themselves to the favourable notice of their superiors.

This, then, is the truly formidable situation with which the coming Conservative Government will have to deal in Ireland. They have virtually to educate a population anew in the duty of obedience to law, and they have to do it through the medium of instructors who are beginning to lose their own faith in the doctrines which they are commissioned to teach. All the more necessary is it then that there should be no weakness, or suspicion of weakness, among those who are to instruct the instructors. No official occupying a high post, whether temporary or permanent, in the Irish Executive should be a man so closely and notoriously associated with the projected surrender to the National League as to render him unfit for an important command in the campaign which is at last about to be opened against that body. The suggestion of the *Times*, therefore, that another appointment should be found for the present Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle is one which commends itself to common sense; and the protests of Gladstonian Radicalism against that eminently advisable step are unworthy of the slightest attention. The contention that the proposed transfer would imply any attachment of political responsibility to a functionary who is entitled by constitutional prac-

tice to be held irresponsible, is about as sincere as contentions from such a quarter usually are. The test of responsibility is liability to punishment, and here there is no question of punishment in any shape or form. Even the most zealous and meritorious of ambassadors would be removed from a Court with which his relations have become such as to preclude him from the effective discharge of his duties, and the suggested removal of Sir ROBERT HAMILTON from Dublin Castle would, in principle, be analogous to that by no means uncommon expedient of diplomacy. The present Under Secretary would be transferred to another sphere of duty, not as a retrospective rebuke of the important share which he took in framing the Separation scheme, but as a prospective recognition of the fact that the author of a Separation scheme is not the fittest instrument of a policy which starts from the principle that the Union is to be maintained. We have no reason to suppose, indeed, that Sir ROBERT HAMILTON himself will feel grateful to those self-constituted advocates who are clamouring for his retention in his present office. On the contrary, we should imagine that the duty of executing a policy so diametrically opposed to that which he has so diligently elaborated, and in which, to the best of our knowledge, he so firmly believes, could hardly be otherwise than distasteful to him. In any case, however, we must assume that so able and experienced an official will have had no difficulty in satisfying himself that his close connexion with a Separatist policy must seriously impair his usefulness as the agent of a Unionist Government, and that the best interests of the public service require him to quit his present post.

#### KENSINGTON GARDENS.

HAVING wrought what seems to them sufficient destruction among the trees, the authorities entrusted with the management of Kensington Gardens have recently directed their attention to the grass. The grass, they considered, was in want of a little "top-dressing." So they dug all the filth out of the Round Pond in the hottest of weather, and spread it freely over the great playground of West London. By so doing they killed several birds with one stone, and may yet kill many children with one fever. They prevented hundreds of little boys and girls from enjoying themselves in a cool and pleasant spot. They injured the health of those who were allowed to remain. They created a disagreeable smell, faint in a dry atmosphere, but pungent after rain. And they made the turf hateful to the eye, as well as ungrateful to the foot. Mr. RICHARD KELLY, the member for North Camberwell, has conferred a benefit upon the public by exposing this conduct in the *Times*, and by pulverizing the very feeble defence which has apparently been communicated to that journal from a more or less official source. The apology, starting from the somewhat irrelevant fact that the Round Pond was formed in the last century, goes on to allege, with more materiality, that "of late years the smell from 'the water had become very unpleasant.'" Mr. KELLY flatly denies this allegation, and it will certainly be news to many inhabitants of Kensington, who have found the Round Pond even less objectionable than the Serpentine, and apparently much cleaner than the Ornamental Water in St. James's Park. But grievous, and even shocking, as the nuisance caused by this untimely, even if necessary, operation has been, only the accident of clear skies averted more serious consequences still. "Had the rain continued for a 'few days,' we are told, 'the work must have come to a 'standstill'; and then Kensington would have been almost uninhabitable. 'A small proportion of the mud, which 'was not sufficiently dry to be spread at present, has been 'left in heaps, and will be spread later.'" When this pleasing performance takes place there will be an active renewal of those chemical processes which have already driven the public from the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace.

The proper time for cleaning out a pond is the dry, cold part of the winter, or early spring. In the month of September, however, there would at least have been the excuse that many frequenters of the Gardens were in the country. From the 28th of June to the 16th of July, the period actually selected, was probably the very worst that could have been chosen. It is said that there was no sewage matter in the pond, as there was in the Serpentine. That may or may not be the reason why Kensington has hitherto escaped an epidemic of typhoid fever; but there is no ground

for supposing that the authorities knew of it beforehand, or that it would have made any difference in their course of action if they had. As for the supposed necessity of depositing the stuff in the Gardens, Mr. KELLY points out that many market gardeners would have been thankful for it, and that crushed bones would have done far more good to the grass. The use of disinfectants shows that, in the judgment of those who ordered this work to be done, the mud is not of the harmless character described. Mr. KELLY desires to know who are the authors of "this insensate act," and expresses an intention, in which we trust that he will persevere, of calling attention to the subject in Parliament. It is to be presumed that Kensington Gardens, like the London Parks, are under the control of the Office of Works, and that Lord ELGIN has been technically answerable for the Kensington outrage. However that may be, the department evidently requires a severe lesson. It has shown a reckless disregard for the comfort, the health, and even the lives of the public, which must spring either from hopeless incompetence or official arrogance. Mr. KELLY commits himself to the legal proposition that, "if the local authorities in Kensington had been responsible for the illness caused by the cleaning out of the Pond without the slightest notice . . . the parents of the children who have been made ill by it could have brought actions against them with every prospect of success." The Commissioners of Works would probably be difficult persons to sue successfully. But they are—at any rate the FIRST COMMISSIONER is—directly responsible to the House of Commons.

#### THE FIDGETING OF RUSSIA.

IT may be taken for granted that Russia will lay hands upon any place, country, or person seizable and worth seizing, in defiance of any treaty and with cynical disregard of its own word. This being laid down as an axiom, one can proceed to put the two following questions concerning any report of Russia's doings in its foreign affairs. Firstly, Is this, that, or the other action of the CZAR's Government the sign of a serious intention to convey something more into the great bulk of the Imperial property? Secondly, Is the state of the world favourable or not to this particular enterprise? Of late there have been several occasions for asking these questions. Within a comparatively short time Russia has availed itself of a quite Gladstonian quibble to escape from an obligation imposed on it by a treaty. In another part of the world its officers have interrupted the progress of a negotiation by advancing claims to territory long ago recognized as belonging to somebody else. In a third region a Russian squadron is reported to be about to annex a harbour, notoriously the property of a small State, under the pretext that another Power has obtained possession of an island a long way off, after quietly bargaining for it with the authority duly qualified to effect the sale. These are assuredly symptoms of the annexation fever which seizes Russia from time to time. Whether they prove the existence of an intention to plunder at all hazards, or only of a strong wish to get the booty if it can be done at small risk, will of course depend on the answers to be given to these questions—Which of the other Powers of the world is affected by the action of Russia? and, How far is it likely to protest in the only language calculated to secure a hearing at St. Petersburg? Is Russia preparing for an aggression to be made good by force of arms, or is it only fidgeting?

The answer ought to be looked for not so much in Russia as elsewhere. From the attitude of Germany and Austria in the Batoum affair it is clear that they do not feel called upon to resent a breach of the Treaty of Berlin so long as the broken clause is not one which directly affects their interests in the Balkan Peninsula. The defence of Turkey on its Asiatic side has never been considered by the Powers of Central Europe as touching them so near as to make it any part of their duty to strain their already ticklish relations with Russia for the sake of the SULTAN's Asiatic dominions. The foreign policy of France, as far as it has any, is confined to begging the CZAR to accept its humble friendship. It wavers between annoying the CZAR in his Court, where he is sure to be particularly sensitive, and hurrying to say ditto to Russia sometimes before it knows what Russia has really said. M. DE FREYCINET took advantage of the Batoum incident to inform the world that France always would say ditto to Russia. The equally silly and dangerous comments of the French press on General FRIEDERICH's

recent gush of sentimental politeness are a sign that in this respect M. DE FREYCINET is supported by public opinion. Whether all this flurried servility will gain its object is highly doubtful, for why should Russia give a price for what is offered it for nothing? In the meantime France has ceased to count among the Powers which can be calculated to oppose any action on the part of the CZAR's Government. There remains only England, and England is not only the one Power whose policy is doubtful, but also that one which is directly affected by the actions of Russia. The impudent violation of the CZAR's promise in regard to Batoum was a direct insult to England. Exactly the same thing may be said of the claim advanced by Colonel KAHLBERG to the most valuable part of the territory near Khoja Saleh. The threatened occupation of Port Lazareff is openly justified by the purchase of Port Hamilton. By the acknowledgment of the Russians themselves, the port would never be wanted unless it were useful as a starting-point for any future attack on English commerce in the Pacific. Experience has shown that it is absolutely useless to discuss matters of this kind with Russia as if right or reason had anything to do in the matter. If the dispute as to the territory round Khoja Saleh were one to be settled by arguments drawn from known facts, the claim advanced by Colonel KAHLBERG would never have been heard of. The whole territory was conquered by DOST MAHOMET long before Russia had even approached the Oxus, and has notoriously been held by his successors in Afghanistan. When Russia agreed that the frontier-line was to be drawn to Khoja Saleh, the natural meaning was that the new frontier was to include the whole territory. If it now draws a distinction between a particular spot and a stretch of valuable pasture land, it does so, not because it can profess to possess any right, but because it sees, or thinks it sees, an opportunity of profiting by what it believes to be the weakness of England. Its object is to make the most of the internal difficulty created here by its only friend among English statesmen. The threatened attack on Port Lazareff is an act of exactly the same kind, dictated by the same motives. There is no need to express any great moral indignation at the conduct of Russia in this matter. No doubt Port Hamilton was acquired by this country as a measure of military precaution against Russia itself and France, which had not yet discovered that colonial empires cannot be built up without much outlay of money and trouble. There is a considerable difference in the details of the two transactions. Port Hamilton is a barren, rocky island only nominally in the possession of any Power. It was acquired by peaceful negotiation with a recognized authority. Port Lazareff is on the mainland of Corea, and is notoriously the possession of a State with which Russia has no quarrel. If it is taken, the annexation will simply be a robbery of PAUL by PETER as a measure of precaution against JOHN. Putting all that aside, however, as only useful because it illustrates the difference between English and Russian notions of what is decency, the fact remains that the occupation of Port Lazareff would be a direct act of hostility to this country. As such it ought to be resented and guarded against even if all the words of "O. K." and "O. K.'s" writing men are the words of truth. However beautiful a being the Russian may be, he ought not to be allowed to do things damaging to this country. On the contrary, he ought, with much respect and every possible attention to the courtesies of life, to be prevailed upon to stop.

Whether the business of persuasion will prove a difficult one will largely depend on the spirit in which it is undertaken. There may be some trouble in the way for the Minister who has to convince Russia that the limit of concession by this country has been reached. As the situation has been tersely put, they may think at St. Petersburg that no English Premier is likely for long to have either a big majority or a big gun of the trustworthy kind. Unluckily it is too true that this calculation may be made, and reasonably made, by the sagacious Russian. Still he may rely too much on it. Without having the majority and the guns he would prefer, a Premier may have majority and guns enough. So much depends on the heart you put into the handling of such weapons as you have. After all, the country which produced the *Ajax* and the *Agamemnon* need not be seriously afraid of the builders of the *Peter the Great*. Those triumphs of our dockyards steer with difficulty, but at least they have not rattled to pieces within twenty-four hours after leaving port. For the rest, when Russia won last time, it was not because the majority or the guns



were wanting, but because the will to use them was not there. Now, whether all this fidget on the Black Sea, on the Oxus, and in the Gulf of Corea, is or is not to end in serious trouble will mainly depend on the spirit which prevails in Whitehall for the next few months. The irritated personal feelings of august gentlemen who are also the masters of many legions easily produce grave consequences, but they are always least dangerous when they are firmly dealt with. If all tales be true, Lord ROSEBERY has ended his very creditable direction of the Foreign Office by a protest against the breach of faith in the matter of Batoum.

#### THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

A CERTAIN monotony is of the essence of all successful institutions, and if all we could say of the annual Wimbledon meetings were that one is very like another, a sensible Volunteer need have no cause to be dissatisfied with the criticism. As a matter of fact, however, we may more correctly say of these yearly gatherings that each one of them, to use a convenient piece of latter-day slang, is like the last, "only more so." The camping-out element in the affair retains all necessary popularity—an excess of this sort of popularity would not be, and at one time was not, altogether wholesome—while the competition as distinct from the camping out has undoubtedly grown in interest, not only for the Volunteers themselves, but for the public at large, with each successive year. It is, indeed, in the nature of all contests which appeal to the national admiration for any form of physical prowess to make their way after this fashion; and the purposes of the Association could not have been better furthered than by enlisting this universal instinct of the average Englishman on their side. It is some consolation to know that a form of popular enthusiasm which has unfortunately done so much to lower and vulgarize certain athletic competitions which were never intended to be "national" in the sense in which they have now become so has at least found one field in which to energize with unmixed advantage to the community. That it is impossible to interest too many of the public in the contest for the Queen's Prize is as indisputable a truth as that the possibility of interesting too many of the "many-headed" in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race has been dismally demonstrated.

In the former instance, too, unlike the latter—or rather in polar antithesis to the latter—the amount of popular interest attracted to the competition is a rough measure of its popularity among the bodies from which the competitors are drawn. This, in the case of the Volunteers, has shown itself, among other things, in the increased activity of preparation for the Wimbledon contest which is now observable in the local meetings of the various rifle corps; and not less so in the greater earnestness and the more businesslike spirit which, as compared with the earlier days of the institution, now marks the proceedings at Wimbledon itself. It is not only probable, but we think certain, that Private JACKSON, of the 1st Lincoln, is a greater man to a greater number of men than any one of his predecessors of twenty or five-and-twenty years ago; and this, of course, is the true test of the success of competitions of this kind for their practical purpose. To pass the new Poor-law, as CARLYLE has observed, it was necessary that a race of politicians should spring up who regarded the passing of a new Poor-law as the highest object of existence. Such defects in the sense of proportion among individuals are often of the greatest possible value to the community. The well-known University story touching "the COBDEN" has a profound moral of its own. University cricket would not be what it is if it were not natural to many undergraduates to believe that the man who had really illustrated the name of COBDEN was not the "revered friend" of Mr. BRIGHT, but the accomplished bowler; and similarly we may say that the more Volunteers there are who would prefer the glory of a Queen's Prizeman to that, say, of a Chancellor—not, of course, the present Chancellor—of the Exchequer, the better will it be for the cause of straight shooting and of such military efficiency as comes therewith. What precise relation the prowess of a Wimbledon competitor may bear to his formidableness as a soldier in the field we have happily had no opportunity as yet of testing by actual experiment; but there is no reason to doubt that the relation is pretty direct and fairly constant. The old Irish fire-eater in *Charles O'Malley* drily rebukes his young friend's boast that he could hit the stem of a wine-glass at

fifteen paces by reminding him that a wine-glass hasn't got a pistol in its hand; and no doubt there is more than one dead shot at the "running man" who could not be trusted with quite the same confidence to bring down the advancing man—at any rate, at the first shot. At the same time, however, it must not be forgotten that the circumstances of a closely contested rifle-match are well calculated to test the same order of physical and even moral qualities as those upon which the rifleman has to rely in actual warfare. After all, the fear of losing a prize which is just within a man's grasp is not a much less unnerving emotion than the mere surmise that he may at the moment of his aim be forming the target for a better marksman than himself; with many men the contingency of missing one's own aim—so much more immediate and probable as that contingency is—would exercise the more disquieting effect of the two. And, as regards the average of cases, we may take it that the same brain and will power which steadies the hand of a competitor at Wimbledon would stand him in fairly good stead in actual warfare.

#### A NEW PROTEST AGAINST AN OLD SCANDAL.

IT is often a duty to persist in recording protests even though much experience has proved them to be futile; and it is on this principle that we propose once again to remonstrate with the conductors of those newspapers which have during the last week been so copiously illustrating their convenient doctrine of "supply and demand" in their reports of the CRAWFORD case. Have they really so thoroughly satisfied themselves that the existence of a depraved taste is a sufficient justification for pandering to it? and do they indeed believe that the only obligation of reticence which they need recognize is that which is imposed upon them by the provisions of Lord CAMPBELL's Act? We cannot pretend that such questions have anything more than a rhetorical justification, or that any one who has looked at five or six of the London daily newspapers during the past week has the slightest excuse for uncertainty as to how these questions should be answered. But for the reason specified at the outset of this article, we hold that, as a mere matter of protest, these inquiries should be again addressed to the persons responsible for this latest and worst example of an inveterate scandal. The silence or the disdain with which interrogatories of this sort are likely, as we know, to be received by "newspaper men" in general will at least serve to enable all decent people to realize the character of the professional canon of morality in this matter. It is simply this—that so long as a newspaper prints no matter which would expose its registered publisher to fine and imprisonment, and its proprietor to the seizure and destruction of the day's impression, all is well, and Paterfamilias must lay his account with having every now and then to impound his morning paper for a week together with as much care as though it were one of the circulars of the Social Purity League.

The hypocritical pretext as to the "interests of justice" may be most simply disposed of by the fact—familiar to every lawyer—that few cases are so badly reported in every particular in which the interests of justice are concerned as what are called sensational trials. They are frequently, if not usually, handed over to reporters who, if quickest with their fingers, are least familiar with the proceedings of law courts, who are too eagerly on the watch for the indecent to be also on the look-out for—even if they had any appreciation of—the relevant; and the result is a report which, while giving every "painful" question and answer which the most prurient imagination could desire, as often as not omits the one point in a witness's evidence which is most material to the issue. This is what the "interests of justice" get from the verbatim reporter, while his descriptive colleague serves justice in another way, of which we have just had a capital illustration in the new-fangled summary of the *Daily News*. The person who contributes this appears to have conceived it to be his mission not only to chronicle the "tears" and "pallor," the "quiverings of the lips" and the twitchings of the fingers of the unhappy creatures who are undergoing the terrible ordeal of the witness-box, but also to acquaint the public condescendingly with the views which he takes of the credibility of this or that witness, or the probability of this or the other statement—such views, it is needless to say, being very conspicuously coloured by the peculiar poli-

tical opinions of the journal which employs him. So long as he confines himself to such mere impertinences as contrasting the "smooth soft voice and gentlemanly style of" Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE with the "rude vigour" of Mr. HENRY MATTHEWS, whose speech he graciously finds "able of its kind," though containing a good deal which was in the nature of "Old Bailey oratory," he is perhaps not worth noticing. But when he calls attention to the emphasis laid by the Judge on the word "arguments" as intended to contradict the statements referred to from "facts," he is guilty of something more mischievous than mere flippancy. And, assuredly, when he permits himself to talk of the "many discrepancies and 'wild improbabilities' contained in the statement of one of the witnesses, he lapses into a gross impropriety which should not be allowed to pass without judicial notice. The process for contempt of court was at one time in some danger of being discredited by excessive use; but assuredly, if there is an occasion which calls loudly for its exercise, it is the need of repressing such intolerably presumptuous behaviour as this.

#### MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

"MUDIE," to-day, spells popularity, and the verdict of the public expresses itself in the demand and supply at the circulating library. Judged by this criterion, Mr. William Black, we suppose, is easily first among living novelists, Mrs. Oliphant is a good second, and Mr. George Meredith is, we fear, nowhere. There is no use in being angry with this imputed want of discernment. The natural equities are observed. Mr. Black and Mrs. Oliphant give the booksellers and the public what they want; and the booksellers and the public give Mr. Black and Mrs. Oliphant what they want—solid pudding and sounding praise. Neither of them transcends the mental altitudes of the general reader. The ideas and feelings and perceptions of the reading masses are their ideas and feelings and perceptions—neither worse nor better, neither higher nor lower. But they can give perfect artistic expression to commonplace and ordinary conceptions. What they have to say they say in the very best manner in which it is possible to say it. Mr. Black, for example, does not see in nature what Wordsworth saw in her. The sense of something far more deeply interfused, the vision and the faculty divine, are wanting. He sees what the London apprentice and the young milliner on their annual outing may see, shifting and blending colours, and motionless or changing forms. But he can paint all that he sees, and can paint it as scarcely any of his contemporaries can. Whatever may be thought of the matter, the adaptation to it of the form is exact and even exquisite. Popular literature is the interpretation to the average intelligence of what the average intelligence sees and tries to think. It makes it conscious of itself; but it cannot be made cognizant of what is not overt or latent in its consciousness. Before Mr. Meredith's works the British public stands, to adopt a phrase employed by himself in a different connexion, in an attitude of stagnant reflection. It is puzzled, and he is contemptuous. Mr. Meredith does not seem to write for the reader, but for himself. Certain problems of character and circumstance present themselves to his mind, and he works them out for his own satisfaction. Like the miser in Horace he seems to say, with a hug and a shrug of satisfaction, as we count over his literary treasure, "Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo ipse domi."

To say that Mr. Meredith does not reach the general public is to say, of course, that his art, consummate though it is in many respects, is yet defective. If he were perfectly master of his means, he would make, as Shakespeare does, what is recondite and remote in human nature near and clear, interpreting it by those elementary ideas, feelings, and laws which are within the range of ordinary apprehension. His writing—we are speaking of course of its intrinsic character, and not of the circumstances in which it may or may not have been produced—is that of a recluse. He goes into retreat with a problem of character, of conduct, or of fortune, which he has to solve. He runs into a corner with his subject, and worries it there. Like the greater carnivora he hunts by night, and drags his prey into his den to play with, or mangle, or devour it. What is wanting in Mr. Meredith is that genial sympathy with ordinary men and ordinary things which in the greatest writers—in Shakespeare, in Cervantes, in Molière—is the background from which what is strange, eccentric, and unique stands out in relief. There is no background in Mr. Meredith's pictures. In his theatre, to draw an illustration from another art, there is no second or troisième plan. All his actors are close to the footlights, and face the audience.

To this defect, more than to anything else, must, we believe, be attributed Mr. Meredith's failure to take his place as an equal among the masters of English prose fiction. The long line of succession of great English novelists is for the moment interrupted. The vacancy had declared itself as imminent, though it was not yet actual, when Mr. Meredith made his appearance on the literary stage. His first work was a volume of poems, published in 1851, when he was not, we imagine, many years out of his teens. This was followed

in 1855 by *The Shaving of Shagpat*, a wild and beautiful Eastern fantasy, full of a rollicking and unrestrained humour and irresponsible extravagance, which survived in *Farina: a Legend of Cologne*, and then, but for a few fitful later gleams, seemed to expire. In the opening years of the fifth decade of our century (to speak of that period as becomes the dignity of history, and with the respect to which it is as well entitled as any other), Dickens and Thackeray were beginning to show, if not precisely signs of waning power, yet that the freshness and originality of the first creative impulse were abating. The first Dickens period had come to a close. *David Copperfield*, in which it culminated, had been written. The period of *Bleak House*, of *Hard Times*, of *Our Mutual Friend*, of *Little Dorrit*, and *Edwin Drood* had begun. There had been forewarning of the transition, which was really a decadence, in *Dombey and Son*; and in *Great Expectations* the master was again at his best. But the deterioration had set in. Thackeray had concluded the great *Pendennis* trilogy, including *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*, and had written *Esmond*. *The Virginians*, in which there was obvious flagging, had to come, and it was followed by the "progress backwards" of *Lovel the Widower*, *Philip*, and *Denis Duval*. "Thus from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot." Lord Lytton had entered into the *Caxtons* stage of his literary career, in many respects as remarkable as that which had gone before; but he was no longer the Bulwer "who killed the girls and thrilled the boys." He was no longer "the lion that made a noise and shook a mane en papillotes." Charlotte Brontë's genius had burned itself out; and perhaps little further illustration was possible of life seen through the eyes of shy and mutinous governesses destined to be subdued by strong-willed, bad-tempered, and more or less sound-hearted woman-tamers of the type of Mr. Rochester and M. Paul Emanuel. George Eliot had yet to come. Mr. Meredith had three years' start of her with his *Shagpat* and *Farina*, which can scarcely be considered novels, though we trust that they will be included in the cheaper uniform edition of his prose writings. Practically, however, George Meredith and George Eliot may be said to have begun together, for *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Mr. Meredith's first novel properly so called, and perhaps his best, was published in the year which gave *Adam Bede* to the world. The betting at the start might reasonably have been equal upon these competitors for the leadership in English fiction. Perhaps the odds might without much imprudence have been given for Mr. Meredith, since *Richard Feverel*, with its audacity and brilliancy, is a more striking, or at any rate a more startling, story than *Adam Bede*. But George Eliot had in an eminent degree the one quality the absence of which, as we have already suggested, has prevented Mr. Meredith from attaining the place at the head of the novelists of the second half of the nineteenth century which his brilliant qualities would otherwise have won for him. George Eliot's early life in Warwickshire cottages, farmhouses, and country towns; her familiarity with the artisan's shop, the rural parsonage, the Dissenting chapel, gave her that insight into common men and common things and every-day interests which is not itself enough for the greatest achievements in fiction, but which is the essential condition of them. The roots must be struck in a deep and rich subsoil of common humanity if the tree is to have healthy and vigorous growth. In *Rhoda Fleming* there are signs that the faculty which we indicate is not naturally wanting in Mr. Meredith, but it has not been cultivated. The result is that his works resemble stately buildings raised upon a too narrow basis and on too slight a substructure. What is primitive and elementary Mr. Meredith for this reason seems to neglect. He deals with what is secondary and derivative, not with human nature in itself, but with human nature as it is clothed upon by the habits, the social distinctions and conventions, the systems, the philosophies and ways of thinking, the pursuits and professions of his own time. Novels have sometimes been distinguished into novels of character and novels of manner. Mr. Meredith's stories do not fall under either of these heads. They are novels of character as expressed through manners, in which what is artificial and super-induced overpowers what is primary and essential. His tales have a tendency, therefore, to busy themselves with eccentric developments of human nature. It would be improper to say that he gives us humours in Ben Jonson's manner rather than characters in Shakespeare's; but there is a leaning to this inferior order of art.

Mr. Meredith's style necessarily reflects these mental qualities. One of its peculiarities, which makes its charm for the properly qualified reader and constitutes the great stumbling-block in the way of Mr. Mudie and his men, is perhaps due to the fact that he began his literary career as a writer of verse. An essential condition of metrical writing is that each line, or at any rate each sentence or stanza, in addition to contributing to the total effect, shall have a separate effect of its own, that it shall contribute a new thought, a fresh image, an epigram, or an aphorism which will bear detachment and stand good of itself. There have been poets, and great poets, who have neglected this rule—Wordsworth frequently, Mr. Browning sometimes. When they have done so they have written measured prose. In prose narrative, in history and in fiction, a different rule prevails. There must be long passages which have no intrinsic value, but which simply serve the purpose of continuation or transition, which are intended to carry on the reader from one point of the story to the other without diverting attention to themselves. Now Mr. Meredith writes prose as if he were writing poetry. Each sentence appears to be constructed as for itself alone, as something which might



be detached and quoted, with its special function to haunt, to startle, and waylay. The result often is that you "don't get any forrarder," you are not helped on the road, you are detained by brilliant impertinences. In truth, Mr. Meredith is scarcely a writer of narrative prose at all. He calls *The Egoist* a comedy in narrative; and all his stories have rather the air—though this is not, of course, the secret history of their composition—of plays written out. Mr. Meredith, in fact, thinks naturally in drama and in dialogue, in personages variously grouped and variously acting upon each other, and in conflicting and mutually supplementing talk. There are bits of description in Mr. Meredith's writings, and admirable bits; there are reflections and narratives. But the narratives are like those of the two explanatory gentlemen in the first scene of *Cymbeline*, and the descriptions and soliloquies have the effect rather of converted speeches. It is as if Shakespeare, turning *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* into three-volume novels, should substitute for the civil remarks of the gracious Duncan and Banquo the statement, "The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, the air being very sweet and delicate," &c., or should say, "At this time the mental perplexities of Hamlet, overweighted by the responsibilities of his position, led him to think seriously of escaping from them by suicide. He balanced the arguments for and against with the greatest care," &c.

Fiction composed sentence by sentence with the elaborate art of poetry, and constructed according to the methods of the drama, makes a more continuous and a severer demand on the attention of the ordinary reader than the ordinary reader can meet. But there ought to be curiosity and mental activity enough in the English-speaking and English-reading people of the two hemispheres to give Mr. Meredith a fame and recognition corresponding to his deserts—that is to say, to place him by acclamation at the head of living novelists. On speaking of the qualities which have hindered this result, we fear we may have seemed to dwell upon the limitations of Mr. Meredith's genius. But his failure to reach the public of his day is a literary phenomenon worth more consideration than it has received. We are glad to understand that the cheaper and uniform edition of his works has already received an encouraging welcome. It is not, we fear, that the masses, represented by the six-shilling people, are more intelligent and serious than the classes, or thirty-shilling people; for it is the literary masses who borrow books from the circulating library, and the literary classes who buy books to keep. Be this as it may be, whoever penetrates beneath the brilliant, though sometimes cold, hard, and repellent, surface of Mr. Meredith's writings, will be rewarded by an affluence of original thought and a variety of clearly conceived and truthfully embodied characters, which he will fail to find in any contemporary novelist. Mr. Meredith does not merely contribute to the portrait-galleries of romance figures destined to endure. The men and women with whom he makes the reader acquainted are so many additions to our human experience and enlargements of our knowledge of the world.

*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* belongs to the class of novels of education, what German criticism calls pedagogic romance, which includes the *Cyropædia*, the *Télémaque*, *Emile*, and *Wilhelm Meister*. Mr. Meredith being a schoolmaster rather of the type of Rousseau and Goethe than of Xenophon and Fénelon. Sir Austen Feverel has been betrayed by his wife; and, to save the son from the illusions which have misled the father, he is trained on a system with tragic results to himself and others. The philosopher, Adrian Harley, is one of Mr. Meredith's most masterly studies, and the Una Duessa of illicit love have no more charming representatives in prose romance than Lucy Desborough and Bella Mount. *Evan Harrington*, which followed, describes the efforts of a son of a tailor, who is not far from being a gentleman, to become himself wholly one; and the half-world of English and Continental life, the seamy side of things, to use a phrase not inappropriate to the subject, has never been more brilliantly depicted. In *Emilia in England*—now, without any apparent reason for the change, called *Sandra Belloni*—and in *Vittoria* Mr. Meredith shows himself as much at home in Italy as in England; and the life and character of the artist, the refugee, and the revolutionary enthusiast are wonderfully drawn. The Italian revolution has a chronicler in Mr. Meredith more truthful than many accurate historians. *Rhoda Fleming*, which was interposed between Mr. Meredith's Italian stories, shows how easily Mr. Meredith might have preoccupied the field of English country life which Mr. Thomas Hardy has since cultivated, though he deals more with the yeoman than with the farm-labourer. Farmer Fleming and Jonathan Eccles are amusingly contrasted characters; and Robert Eccles, with his homely rustic exterior and his ardent adventurous spirit, is the legitimate descendant of those "good yeomen" of the French wars "whose limbs were made in England," and "shows the mettle of his pasture." In *Harry Richmond*, remarkable among Mr. Meredith's novels for rapid movement and vivacious dialogue, the gipsy girl Kiomi and the poor Royalist Pretender live in the memory. *Beauchamp's Career*, with the happy exception of its tragic close, is a study from life of an ardent sailor politician of our own day, and contains some admirable portraits drawn from a family whose history has more than once engaged the House of Lords in its judicial capacity. Probably the most masterly study of character which Mr. Meredith has ever given to the world is the Sir Willoughby Patterne, whose name is a triumph of artistic nomenclature, in *The Egoist*. In *Diana of the Crossways* Mr. Meredith tells, with some unhistoric variations, the story of Mrs. Norton. Besides the central figure, to whom Mr. Meredith is chivalrously devoted,

and to whom he gives his most fascinating womanly and Irish womanly characteristics, we have living types in Mr. Warwick, the official; in Percy Dacier, the lucky politician; in Mr. Rhodes, the young poet; and in the two diarists, Henry Milner and Perry Wilkinson. *The Tragic Comedians* is scarcely a novel. It is a transcript from the history of Ferdinand Lassalle and Frau von Racowitza, the Alvan and Clothilde of Mr. Meredith's pages. It might be the sub-title, however, of all his stories, and embodies his theory of human life and conduct.

#### POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, AND SUPERLATIVE.

A FRIEND of ours who is a political philosopher of some standing has (as we have perhaps mentioned before) long amused his leisure moments by compiling a species of Kalendar, which might be called the ephemeris of a voyager in search of the Great Being whose existence and attributes Mr. Carlyle has so agreeably discussed—the Foolishest Man Living. Not that the compiler is so unwise as to expect ever to reach his goal or as to forget the possibility of that goal lying very near home. But the compilation, he says, amuses him, and there is never too much amusement, especially for hard-worked people, in the world. His usual plan of arranging the work (which it need hardly be said is written with a goosequill on foolscap paper in green ink, and when not in hand reposes on the author's shelves between the *Narrenschiff* and the *Encomium Morie*) is to enter each week under the heads of Positive, Comparative, and Superlative, and with proper *pièces justificatives*, the alderfoolishest persons (if we may be permitted an archaic neologism) who have written themselves down as such in the public prints. By a curious coincidence the entries are generally made on a Thursday, and thus we have been enabled to profit by this week's return for the present article.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, this week occupies the Positive column in reference to a letter of his in the *Daily News* of Tuesday. There is much that is pleasing in this letter, such as the graceful ease with which Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, talks of "Salisbury" and "Churchill," of "Bright" and "Chamberlain." All these distinguished persons of course are such intimate friends of Dr. Parker's that the conventional prefix would be quite out of place. But this, as well as much other interesting matter in Dr. Parker's epistle, is not germane to the present matter. The "forbearance" of Ireland (exhibited, for instance, towards the late Mr. Tangney's legs), the necessity of "steadfastly rallying round Mr. Gladstone," and so forth, need not stay us. What has procured the Reverend epistolar place in the story is his opening, or almost opening, statement that Mr. Gladstone "has conducted the Liberal" (Dr. Parker means the Gladstonian or Parnellite) "side of the controversy with characteristic dignity." And here, at the risk of being reproached with an unnecessary desire to put the dots on the *is*, we must point out that this phrase would not have been nearly such an exquisite song if Dr. Joseph Parker had not said "characteristic." It is good, no doubt, that Dr. Parker should regard the astonishing series of speeches, letters, telegrams, and the rest, which began with "Dearly beloved" and Dr. Foster, and ended with "amazement" and "My dear George," as "dignified." We know once for all how they rate dignity at the City Temple. But still there was one thought, one grace, one wonder which remained to be added, and which Dr. Parker, happier than Marlowe's poets, has succeeded in adding by the use of the blessed word characteristic. A charitable enemy might have thought that the Colney Hatch litany of abuse which Mr. Gladstone embodied in these remarkable documents was the result of exceptional excitement; that the Prime Minister, struck with election fever, was not exactly "in his plate," as they say agreeably in France. But no; we have it on the word of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, that all this raving was not only dignified, but characteristically dignified. It was very Gladstone; the late (oh joyful word!) Prime Minister in his quiddity. "What sort of a man was Mr. Gladstone?" says posterity somewhere away in the infinite azure of the future. "Read," there comes to him across the ages the voice of Dr. Joseph Parker, "the utterances of the election contest of 1886, and you will have the dignified character of the man to a *t*." Naturally we have no concern to dispute the assertion, though we should have thought that persons of Dr. Parker's turn of thinking were very nearly concerned so to do. And, therefore, Dr. Parker justly stands as the Positive of our friend's entry this week.

The Comparative is represented by another Joseph, Mr. Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T., which Pickwickian-looking designation is said to mean Grand Worthy Chief of the Independent Order of Good Templars. The Brick Lane Branch has been rather active lately, and last week it held a Congress or Conference, or something of that sort, at which the usual nonsense (we beg pardon for plain speaking) was talked. In particular, a whole afternoon was spent in hearing from various worthy colonial persons the terrible story how wicked Englishmen had conquered various luckless but temperate natives, and introduced strong drink among them. Nobody seemed to notice the rather awkward inference that apparently the strong-drinking nations (as historically they always have done) go victoriously about the world conquering the weak-drinking nations. But we are for the present busied only with one particular temperance freak, that of Joseph II., G.W.C.T. This Worthy Grand, or

Grand Worthy, seems to have determined to cap in point of absurdity the general address of the United Kingdom Alliance issued some time ago. Brother Malins's immediate object was to back up the candidature of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in Cumberland. And this is how he did it. It would, of course, have been easy to dilate on Sir Wilfrid's temperance merits, to say nothing about anything else, and so to turn an awkward situation. But Brother Malins, to do him justice, is evidently nothing if not conscientious. "I do not," says he, taking the bull by the horns, "really know Sir Wilfrid Lawson's opinions on the Irish question. They probably differ from my own. It is, however, enough for me to know that he is for English Home Rule against the liquor traffic. I regard that as the most important of all necessary reforms." Egregious Grand Worthy Chief! It is certainly not rash to suppose that Brother Malins from his language is not a Home Ruler, that he does not approve of the forbearance exercised by Mr. Parnell's friends towards Tangney's legs as a principle of government. That being so, he has to give counsel in an election where this great question is at stake—a question involving the primal point of all morality—Shall Cain's method of securing Home Rule be recognized and sanctioned? as well as the primal question of all politics—Shall mere disobedience to the law entitle the disobedient to repeal of the law? And Brother Malins, mildly hinting that he has an opinion on this point, and that it is probably not Sir Wilfrid Lawson's, recommends his friends and Grand Worthy Clansmen to vote for Sir Wilfrid because Sir Wilfrid is sound on the all-important question of preventing sober men from having a glass of beer when they are thirsty. "Never mind murder; never mind rebellion; never mind the reduction of England to the rank of a fourth-rate Power!" cries Brother Joseph. "It is true that I don't like these things; but the great question is, Are we or are we not to be allowed to prevent that ruffian John Smith, who works all day and has a pint of beer with his pipe at night, from indulging in the accursed practice?" "Probably," says Brother Joseph, "I should not agree with Sir Wilfrid about Tangney's legs; but then he is so perfectly sound on John Smith's beer." Verily, the G.W.C.T. has not stolen his place in the Comparative column in the Natural History of March Hares and April Fish!

The facts which have obtained the degree of Superlative for a certain Mr. A. C. Humphreys-Owen are so extraordinary that we can only refer readers to Thursday's *Times* for the full correspondence which contains them. They may be summed up briefly by saying that this miraculous Mr. Humphreys-Owen, who is president of a local Welsh Caucus, first administered an interrogatory to Mr. Wiggan, M.P., as to how he had voted, and whether he had said that he should vote for the Tory candidate, and then when Mr. Wiggan naturally pointed out that, putting impertinence aside, the inquiry in question was a practical violation of the law, informed Mr. Wiggan that he ought to have resigned his post which he held in the said Caucus before, and that then he Mr. Humphreys-Owen "should not have been compelled to draw attention to the remarkable inconsistency of a member for one thoroughly Liberal constituency and holder of an important office in the Liberal association of another asserting his right [which Mr. Wiggan had never done, but that doesn't matter] to give in secret a vote which may betray the party to whom his allegiance is due."

Now we are well aware that there is a point of view from which this astonishing sentence may be regarded, and from which Mr. Humphreys-Owen may seem to deserve a superlative in a very different order of comparison from that which we are now studying. Some very serious persons might be disposed to consider his conduct rather as an example of insolence, of disregard for law and decency alike, and so forth. It was all this, no doubt, and would have been nothing more were it not for the fact that Mr. Humphreys-Owen knew the letters would be published, and himself published them. He is a person who gravely contends, and beyond doubt seriously believes, that a political association has the right first to inquire how, under a system of studiously guarded secret voting, its members vote; secondly, to insist that those members shall always vote for any particular measure, set of measures, or persons representing a set of measures, whom or which it, the Association, declares to be "Liberal," on pain of being declared "to betray the party to whom their allegiance is due." The same letter contains the expression "shelter yourself under the Ballot Act," which is interesting as showing the point of view from which this president of an electoral and electioneering association regards the law. The Gladstonian press has been mightily lauding a rather ostentatious but sufficiently right-minded circular which Sir John Swinburne is said to have sent to his tenantry; it is pity that the same persons have not given us their opinion about this companion piece of Mr. Humphreys-Owen's. To be sure Mr. Humphreys-Owen might defend himself by alleging the celebrated counsel of the Reverend Kennedy and Tuckwell, and urging that nothing could be easier than for his examinees to follow it.

But, still we think that he deserves his Superlative if only because of the magnificent and complete unconsciousness which pervades him. Dr. Joseph Parker, no doubt, knows perfectly well what the civilized world thinks of the dignity of Mr. Gladstone's recent conduct (he may consult such an unquestionably Liberal paper as the *Paris Temps* if he does not); the excellent Brother Joseph Malins, G.W.O.T., it is clear from his own letter, had more than an inkling that there is a certain want of logic in his preference of his own apocryphal eleventh commandment, "Thou

shalt drink no wine," over the very canonical and authentic Ten. But Mr. Humphreys-Owen is justified by the very terms of his letters, by the very fact of his publishing them, from any charge of knowing what he was doing. The person who could make such an exposure of the methods and tactics of his party, of its reverence for its own beloved Ballot Act, of its theories of freedom of conscience, and of its reduction of all politics to the simple position "He who does not vote as Mr. Gladstone wishes is a traitor to the Liberal party," is warmly to be thanked by all good Tories. He is almost more warmly to be welcomed as for the present week the acknowledged Superlative in the matter of political folly.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION OF ROME.

THE march of civilization is admirable as it is irresistible; yet there are cases in which we would willingly see it delayed, though perhaps with some searchings of the conscience. Sentimentally, we should be inclined to make it sacrilege to modernize the sacred cities of the world. We should hesitate to send energetic Commissioners of a Board of Works to drain and demolish and reconstruct among the crowded temples and unsavoury shrines of Benares; we have so far the courage of our convictions that we would rather seek the hospitality of the gloomy convents in Jerusalem than find quarters in a bustling and newfangled hotel, with its smoking-rooms and its hip-baths, and its white-chokered waiters. And so in Rome we have a horror of the broad new boulevards and the many-storied blocks of fantastically stuccoed buildings which have "Hausmannized" whole quarters of the "Eternal" City till it has almost grown out of knowledge of its most familiar acquaintances.

Rome as it used to be was not only unrivalled, but unique. In and about the treasure city of ancient and mediæval art everything was in perfect keeping and harmony. Whether you landed at the dead-alive port of Civita Vecchia, or came from the north by post or in the slower vetturino, you approached through the silent solitudes of the Campagna, haunted by spectres of the malaria that seemed to take tangible shapes, as the fog-wreaths floated up from the hollows toward nightfall. To the South were the still more pestilential Pontine Marshes, where the inmates of the solitary post-houses were like so many living ghosts, and where you *chased* the coarse black coffee with quinine when you went snipe-shooting of a morning among the swamps and the sedges. When once you had caught sight of the great dome of St. Peter's towering above the Seven Hills which were still invisible, the taint of death and decay was in the air, though it might be scented with the spring fragrance of broad beds of violets. When you had passed the gates you were tolerably safe from the fever; for stratum on stratum of foundations pressed down the malarious soil as coffins are hermetically sealed in family vaults; and the air was being filtered through thousands of lungs, so that the deleterious influences were distributed and diluted. Indeed, the low-lying Ghetto, where the Jews swarmed like so many ants, was statistically the most salubrious quarter of the town. But, though you might have left the fever without the gates lying in wait for any belated party of excursionists or horsemen, the city, with its venerable grandeur in decay, still gave one the impression of a vast charnel-house. To all intents and purposes there was no actual danger, or it would never have been so popular with timid foreigners during the winter season. In the old Hôtel d'Angleterre or the Hôtel de Londres we seldom or never heard of those cases of typhoid fever which seem to be chronic in some of the most fashionable modern establishments. Mr. Oldbuck assured his young friend Lovel, who had made a call at Monkbarrow, when the womenfolk had been raiding on the antiquary's sanctum, that "the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust, and would have remained so for a hundred years had not these gypsies disturbed it." So, though death and disease might lie lurking in Rome, they seldom attacked any one except in an ordinary way, till contractors and the municipal revolutionists disturbed them. Yet everywhere was the picturesqueness of neglect and decay, and in those respects we repeat that Rome was unique, as in the stately dignity of its conservatism of old-world manners and fashions. Temples, tombs, baths, and triumphal arches had been touched gently by time and very discreetly by man. The memorial column of some pagan general or mighty emperor might be crowned by a Christian saint wearing an aureole of glory; or a Pontifex Maximus inheriting power through St. Peter might have let in a *plaque* in a façade intimating that the building had been repaired by his munificence. All the same, these buildings and monuments had still an air veritably antique; ferns festooned the shattered cornices, and mosses clung to the rifts and crevices in the masonry. The very blank walls of some convent or palace garden that would run here and there for a hundred yards or so along a street were tapestried with glowing lichens and orange funguses. The aristocracy still inhabited palaces that were as much mediæval fortresses as in the days of the street fighting between Colonnas and Orsinis; although when their palaces had the luck to look out upon the Corso they might brighten up the balconies for the day, and hire the windows for fancy prices in Carnival-time. Members of the sacred college still drove about in carriages that might have come from the museum of vehicular antiquities at Madrid, with their long-coated servitors clustering behind, and the crimson umbrella conspicuously displayed on the roof. The beggars blocked the narrow pavements,



where they beset you with their prayers for charity, as ragged ruffians when they were not posing for models sunned themselves on the landing places of the stairs that lead to the fashionable Pincian. The famous Café Greco was in full swing, with its cosmopolitan society of artists, absolutely careless of the conventionalities of costume. As for the *cuisine* of the Papal city, putting the hostelry of the Minerva out of the question, where you went for porcupines and hedgehogs, and other local delicacies, it always struck one as savouring of the churchyard. The beef and the mutton had a suspicious tint of old coffins; you could have sworn that the strong-flavoured wildboar, smothered in the piquant barberry sauce, had snored and fattened in malarious marshes; and the very vegetables suggested weeds and simples culled by unholy hands at the witching hour of midnight. Then, as for the citizens of the lowest class, your first and very natural impressions might wrong the pure-descended inhabitants of the slopes of the Trastevere. But enveloped in the mystery of their cloaks, and in spite of their classical features, it struck you that they might turn brigands at the shortest notice, as they invariably wore knives as well as crucifixes. Then there was no mistaking that in the loafing scum of the slums, whose acquaintance you first made at the gates, when some of their representatives swung themselves on to the chained and padlocked luggage, to be ready to carry it into the hotel, you touched the lowest type of morality. Altogether the Rome of the good old times was a strangely romantic and agreeable place from the social as well as the artistic point of view, since everything in it set former experiences at defiance.

But all that has been sadly changed since the Pope has constituted himself a close prisoner in the Vatican, and the King of Italy and his Legislature are established on the Quirinal. The schoolmaster and the cheap builder have gone abroad together. We resign ourselves to the police regulations which forbid mendicancy, and which have made the Campagna and the Sabine Hills too hot for the brigands who were said to have their agents in the ante-chambers of the best hotels. We only look back with mild regret on the handfuls of curiously debased silver and copper coins with which we vainly tried to satisfy the grasping postillions. We may confess that the demolition of internal custom-houses has been a boon to the traveller. Yet we feel we would willingly compound for the return of the beggars and the brigands, and for the revival of the local nuisances we used to grumble at, could we see Rome but once again as we remember it.

The distant dome of St. Peter's is solemnly impressive as ever; but now the disenchantment begins before you are actually under its mighty shadow. The train from Civita Vecchia half makes the circuit of the walls before running into the great station in the Quirinal. And in the semicircular course we pass through a sad panorama of ruthless demolitions and scandalous reconstructions. Here is a venerable ruin cut clean in two, the gaping windows and severed arches yawning pitifully in the sunshine, while the walls, strong and solid as ever they were, are tottering to the strokes of the pickaxe. There is a tall factory, with its smoking chimneys, as you see them in Bermondsey or on the plain of St. Denis; while hard by is the spruce habitation of the prosperous owner, who no doubt duly pays his high rates and taxes and is a zealous advocate of the architectural reform. Emerging among the clamorous omnibus cads from the railway station, which has effectually thrown into the background the neighbouring Baths of Diocletian, you see that capital associated with enterprise has been energetically at work. The Quirinal, in spite of the steepness of its gradients, has been covered with the buildings of a brand-new quarter, and with boulevards that may vie in height and breadth with those of Paris or Vienna. Heaven only knows what antiquities have been swept out of the way, to give place to such handsome shops and hotels as you may find all the world over. Take a stroll along any of the unfinished side streets where building goes briskly forward, and you may see Republican brickwork laid bare and subterranean arches half demolished, which would make the fortune of a town on the track of the tourists anywhere to the north of the Alps. The price of ground has gone up fabulously, the "boom" has been spreading to the Lateran, to the Forum, to the Pincian, and there is no saying where or when it may stop. As "family hotels" are being opened close by the Pantheon, so the lines of tombs along the Appian Way may give place to rows of snug semi-detached villas. The view from the airy esplanade before the Church of St. John Lateran used to be the noblest and most romantic within the walls of Rome, that from the dome of St. Peter's not excepted. We went to enjoy it in the freshness of early morning the other day, and looked across to the Alban Hills over the roof of a factory, through the black clouds hanging round the lofty chimneys that certainly did not consume their own smoke. A venerable building in a semi-square of massive cloisters was being blocked out by some hideous houses being run up against time. Yet it would be unfair to denounce the municipal authorities as destructive rather than conservative. We naturally bent our steps to the Coliseum, and if the fate of Rome be bound up, as the old prediction has it, with that of the colossal Amphitheatre of Titus, there can assuredly be no immediate prospect of the decline or fall of one or the other. The Amphitheatre has been buttressed by stupendous structures of the best modern brickwork; the crumbling walls have been rebuilt and newly faced in many places, and ostentatiously pointed with glaring white mortar; the rich luxuriance of vegetation that overgrew the vaults and the vomitoria has been trimmed or shaven away; as the stones seem to have been polished with soap and water

where the mosses have been scraped from the seats and slabs they used to cushion. And the Coliseum, in its most impressive transformation, is the symbol of the modernized memorials of democratic Rome, where the tramcars plying in all directions make circulation easy for bustling deputies and the new immigration of busy workpeople and for flying parties of birds of passage personally conducted. *Roba di Roma* is becoming an exploded book; and Hawthorne, who loved the old city so well, might have now given us another and a sadder "Transformation." Of course in this utilitarian age we should be content to take all that progression as matter for congratulation; though even among the Romans themselves there are grumblers who will say that there are two sides to the question, notwithstanding the apparent inflow of prosperity, with the waterpipes that do the work of the ancient aqueducts.

#### FOLIAGE TREES.

WHY should we not take into our own hands the art of landscape colouring? Chance is but a fickle jade when things are left to her; and, though we have all heard about the folly of gilding refined gold and painting the lily, the folly chiefly lies in the way the thing has been done. The efforts of man in the art of landscape gardening should be a symmetrical arrangement of the work of nature, calculated to comprise in a narrow compass a large amount of those varied effects which are not only a feature of the seasons, but are also an attribute of the virgin glories of the mountains, valleys, and woodlands of the globe. Modern facilities have brought to England not only the flora of Europe, but even the distant growths of Japan; and few things in nature are more beautiful than the cycads and palms, agaves, aloes, and conifers, and hundreds of other subtropical plants which we are accustomed of recent years to see not only in our public parks, but in the trim grounds and gardens of suburban villadom. However, it is not of these subtropical and delicate plants that we wish for the moment to speak, but rather of those hardy trees and shrubs whose appearance would so vastly improve lawns, parks, and shrubberies in the country, and whose merits from every point of view are so great that it really would seem that these trees and shrubs only need to be somewhat better known to be universally adopted throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In all questions of arboriculture the first dilemma on whose horns the would-be arboriculturist finds himself impaled is the important one—namely, whether it is best to sow his trees or plant them. Between the votaries of each of these methods the dispute often waxes warm; and, as in most disputed questions, there is much to be said on both sides. Without doubt the safest and surest way of attaining the ultimate end desired is to sow; but there is the inevitable drawback that a lapse of many years must take place before that end is attained. Sowing is also immeasurably cheaper than planting; and all the best authorities are agreed that "trees which are transplanted will never arrive at the size of those which stand where they are sown, nor will they last so long," and that "planted timber has never in any case been found to be equal in durability and value to that which is sown. . . . Every kind of forest tree will succeed better in being reared from seeds in the place where it is to grow to maturity than by being raised in any nursery whatever and from thence transplanted to the forest." The habit of grafting trees is another of the facts cited by the sowers. Nearly all the young trees and shrubs brought from nurseries are grafted, and it is a well-known fact that they are more often than not unsatisfactory in consequence. No grafted tree will be as strong as one growing on its own root; and if even seedlings suffer from transplanting, according to the above-quoted passage, how much more dangerous is such a process to a graft! Therefore he who undertakes arboriculture conscientiously will undoubtedly sow his trees and shrubs in the places he means them always to occupy; and if his land looks bald and bare in comparison to that of his neighbour, the advocate of planting, he will be able to comfort himself by the distant echo of the praise of posterity. But we are not all conscientious and patient; it is a noble admixture, but a rare one; and we ourselves confess to a decided leaning towards the ways of the impetuous planter. Putting aside the far greater expense of planting, and its many attendant risks, this plan has the great merit that the planter can judge of his effect at once, and, if it does not please him, can alter it at will. If the young plants are once well rooted and established, there is no reason that they should not thrive, and thrive well; and the start they have obtained over the seedlings obviates many a year of patient waiting on the part of the conscientious sower. The great thing to remember in planting is to make the hole in which the tree or shrub is to be placed considerably larger in every direction than the space required by the roots. This is of the most paramount importance, so that the young roots may have soft recently-moved soil in which to grow. If this is not done, and the transplanted tree finds its roots surrounded by a stiff hard mass of earth, through which they are too weakly to force their way, the tree dies, and the expense of getting another to take its place is incurred. Also, if this precaution of loose soil is not taken, the pit in which the tree is planted becomes a sort of tub of hardened earth, wherein the drainage water is retained round the roots, causing them to rot off. Another thing to watch over is the stability of the transplanted tree in its new habitat. If care is not taken to ensure this for some

time after the operation of transplanting has taken place, every breeze that blows upon the head of the tree will be analogous to a fresh removal for the roots on account of the perpetual wrenching they will undergo during their first efforts to grasp the soil of their new domicile. One of the best ways recommended to avert this calamity is to form a triangle round the tree that is being planted with three strong posts. To these posts are fixed rails crossing the ball of the tree; and thus the danger of subsequent wrenching is considerably minimized, if not averted altogether.

The planter having seen to these important preliminaries, the next question that arises is the arrangement of his trees and shrubs, and herein comes the point of our opening remarks on colour. With the materials which are now at the command of the arboriculturist, the most wonderful effects can be produced provided that he will bear one great rule in mind—i.e. to plant in masses. The miniature painting of Gerard Dow would look out of place on the canvas of Rubens; and though it is no doubt laudable to wish to bring out the individual beauties of a tree or shrub, the true painter-planter of landscape should not allow himself to look at details, but should rather strive for the grand effects only to be reached through a proper treatment of the massing of colours. It is rare that any individual tree is sufficiently perfect in shape and colour and general growth to bear standing alone; and, if that is so with trees, how much more is it the case with shrubs. Nothing is more deplorable in effect than to see an acre or two of ground dotted over with what nurserymen call "a mixed variety" of shrubs, each shivering miserably alone, unsupported by the companionship of its fellows. Such planting is only fit for the grounds of a botanist who has eyes only for details. Effect has been terribly frittered away of late years in the efforts to grow "single pretty trees." It may safely be said that such efforts have been singularly unsuccessful, except perhaps with some of the conifers. Nature, who when she chooses can do her business well, occasionally gives to the world such a perfect specimen of a tree as the great plane-tree on the lawn of the Ranelagh Club at Barn Elms; but such perfection of growth in a single tree standing alone is rare, and can only be quoted as the exception which proves the golden rule that, from the point of view of the landscape gardener and arboriculturist, trees should be treated in masses. What can be done in this line is well illustrated at Waddesdon Manor, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's place in Buckinghamshire. Nothing could be more beautiful than the treatment of foliage trees and shrubs in his grounds. It is absolute painting, wherein the pigments are represented by golden yews (*Taxus baccata variegata* and *T. b. foliis variegatis*), golden elders, double yellow gorse, golden broom, purple barberry, purple hazel, copper beech, purple sycamore (which varies from green and grey to purple with every passing breeze), variegated maple introducing a lighter tinge, which is carried on by a mass of sea-buckthorn, whose pale frosted silver is relieved by the deep velvety green of a background of Austrian pine. What cannot be done when such colours as these lie ready to hand, not to mention all the "glaucous" trees, whose leaves are often white, covered with a silky down or powdered over with a fine dust like that on a butterfly's wing? The American maples, and especially the swamp-maple with its autumn glory of foliage, have made the "Canadian fall" or autumn a season and object of pilgrimage from all parts of the world. The swamp-maple, which, by-the-by, is a misnomer, as many familiar names are, for it will grow well even in poor and sandy soil, has other merits besides that of its autumn gold. In early spring the leafless branches are clothed with clusters of deep red flowers, the young growing shoots are reddish-brown in colour, and the leaves a bright shining green above and glaucous underneath. It is not till autumn that they become the wonderful colour which has made the tree famous. This variety, however, is but a slow grower in comparison with its cousin the white or silver maple, which is one of the most useful of all deciduous ornamental trees, not only on account of its beauty, but for its abnormally rapid growth. Its flowers are rosy-tinted, and, though small, are so profuse as to cover the leafless branches in spring, and have a distinct effect at some distance. The leaves themselves are deep green above and silvery white underneath, and in autumn turn to a clear bright lemon yellow. There are two other varieties of this lovely tree, one a "weeping" one and another whose leaves are irregularly variegated with yellow. It seems more than strange that, with such materials, of which those we have mentioned are but a few specimens, within our reach, our shrubberies and plantations should remain mere repetitions of laurels, box, and laurustinus, and, "for a change," laurustinus, box, and laurels. Time and space will not allow for any mention of even a yet more neglected branch of arboriculture—namely, flowering trees and shrubs—of which we hope to speak at a future time.

#### INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION. AUSTRALIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES, the mother of the Australian colonies, exhibits a large and valuable assortment of products, which, if not so full of variety as it may have been, is, to say the least, useful and solid. Exactly two and a half generations ago the third governor of the colony, Major-General Macquarie, wrote as follows immediately after his arrival:—"I find the colony barely emerging from infantile imbecility, suffering from various privations and disabilities; the country impenetrable beyond forty

miles from Sydney; agriculture in a yet languishing state; commerce in its early dawn; revenue unknown; threatened with famine; distracted by faction; the public buildings dilapidated; the few roads and bridges almost impassable; the population in general depressed by poverty; no credit, public or private; the morals of the great mass of the people in the lowest state of debasement, and religious worship almost wholly neglected." It is worth while to preserve this official statement in order to show the remarkable contrast which is presented now. No less than four hundred and thirty speechless witnesses bear eloquent testimony to the moral, religious, commercial, and political progress which has been made in New South Wales since these words were written. Of these wool comes first, including Angora mohair, wool in bales and fleeces, scoured and greasy, pure merino and creole merino; wool of ewes, rams, and lambs, skirted and unskirted, clothing and fine combing—sixty different samples in all. After wool, which represents agriculture and the pastoral interest, next in importance comes coal, which plays a far more important part in the colony than gold, for it points to a prosperity that is alike permanent and increasing. Soap, tallow, leather, silk, sugar and syrup, arrowroot, tapioca, sago, tobacco, wine, butter, cheese, and flour are all excellent. A generation ago the colony was dependent on Chile and California for its flour and wheat, it now exports both in great quantities. Coal it sends to Hong-Kong, San Francisco, Manilla, Japan, Valparaiso, Honolulu, India, New Zealand, South Australia, Victoria, and Queensland. In machinery and railway rolling-stock the exhibits speak for themselves. The vegetables and flowers, birds and butterflies, speak for the climate, the photographs for the beauty of the landscape, and the picture of the contingent sent to take part in the late Egyptian campaign tells of the strength of its national character. The relics of Captain Cook will be regarded with the attention and regard of which they are worthy. The main court, as well as the court showing the silver, tin, copper, iron, antimony, and zinc, as well as the fine woods, are highly attractive. For more than sixty years New South Wales governed the whole of the vast island of Australia.

Victoria separated in 1851, and sprang almost at once into a separate colony of the first class by the accidental discovery of gold, which had the effect of raising the price of land and property of every description. The pictures of Melbourne in the vestibule will show at a glance how the colony has used its talents. It may be pointed out that it is not accurate to say that the rise of Melbourne to opulence and power is not equalled in modern history. Lima, the capital of Peru, whose splendour was founded on silver, had a far more rapid and remarkable rise than this great city which was founded on gold. Gold is the most striking feature in the show of its products; it is as bold and obvious as the metal leg of Hood's celebrated heroine; but it is speedily forgotten in the presence of such exhibits as the wool and wine and grain. Perhaps some visitors will think more of the picture of the students of Melbourne University in their characters while acting the *Rudens* of Piantus than of the archways of gold which a child could build. The pictures from New Guinea will not fail to receive much attention. The pyramids of biscuits, piles of rope, the leather and leather goods, men's hats and women's mufts, boots and shoes, ironmongery and brassery, jewelry, scents and oils and woollens, and all kinds of clothing, opossum rugs, artificial manures, scientific instruments, carpets, glass bottles, pottery, some of it excellent, bronze and metal work, also good, with carriages and Concord buggies, bring before the eye the varied occupations of the million of people who occupy this colony. The albums of Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, K.C.M.G., which contain dried specimens of plants; Mr. French's cases of insects; Dr. Lucas's birds' eggs; and Professor McCoy's collection illustrative of natural history, all bear testimony to the quality of the Victorian climate, as does also Mr. Bosisto's collection of essential oils. The rustic wine "trophy," the fernery and conservatory, together with the display of woods, complete the bulk of the more important exhibits, while there remain a multitude of other things which are curious if not pleasing.

South Australia may be noticed next, but why it is so called it is difficult to say. The name of Captain Sturt will always be associated with this colony. It is gratifying to believe from what may be seen in its exhibits that the colony retains much of the excellent spirit of its founder. There is nothing meretricious to be seen. All is genuine and good and honest. Its copper gateway has a wholesome look; the pens of merino sheep and its delightfully simple Bushman's hut, the camels and Angora goats, its beautiful furs, and, above all, its most excellent wines and grain, speak of peace and plenty, and make us wish that South Australia had not been tempted to mingle with her pastoral pursuits the grime of trade. The whole court carries much of graceful modesty. The scene on the river Murray suggests that South Australia would not have sent us these portraits of its native inhabitants unless it were quite pleased with the manner in which it had treated them. The photographs of private residences will not fail to excite much praise.

Western Australia is marked with a peculiar character. For a long time it could only boast of such excellent things as a fine climate, admirable timber, excellent corn, beautiful flowers, furs, and fine fishes; it can boast of leather also, and a new kind will perhaps come to us, which may give us a fresh variety of gloves; pearls and pearl-shells have added to her fame. But for these many years she could find no gold. This at length has been dis-



covered, and she will take rank now as a real Australian colony. The samples of the metal are of great beauty. The native weapons are of singular interest; so are the ever-present beetles; and the boots and shoes have a tale to tell which, although of a lowly kind, is not without deep meaning. There are blacks in Western Australia, and it were to be wished that some of the excellent work which many of these natives have been taught to do had been shown in this characteristic court. It is perhaps not too late to supply this lack. Western Australia has proved that the black fellow has a mind and soul capable of being subdued to the useful and the good, and an exhibit of this proof would be more highly prized than all the gold gates, archways, pyramids, and even the frustum of a pyramid of gold put together.

Queensland, like Victoria, is an offshoot of New South Wales; but, unlike either, it can boast of a greater variety of climates, including the tropical, as may be seen from its remarkably fine exhibits. These include sugar, cotton, coffee, sweet potatoes, tobacco, bananas, pine-apples, and mangosteens. The Victoria Regina and the gorgeous Jagaranda of the Brazils grow in splendour in the open air at Brisbane, together with many examples of the flora from Caracas and the Equator in South America, unequalled in beauty. Sugar is no doubt one of its most important products, of which there are some thirty different examples. It is notorious that this industry has been the means of attracting more public notice to Queensland than any other. The capital invested in sugar is largely represented in London and Victoria; the extent of area over which it is cultivated is remarkable, and the responsibility which it entails on the colony enormous. Next to sugar and tropical agriculture in importance comes the pastoral or sheep-farming interest, and wool is well represented. The mineral court has many attractions, the gold being of excellent fineness; the opals are most beautiful, while there are diamonds and pearls also. Tin and copper make a great show, as do also the corals, shells, and marbles. Coal is also one of its valuable possessions, but it has not yet been developed to the same extent as in New South Wales. The useful and fancy woods are of great variety and excellence. The wines are good, and the food staples are uncommonly fine. All the exhibits for which the Queensland Commissioners are responsible are in good taste, and show much discernment, excepting such things as mounted emu's eggs, the tin ware from Moreton Bay, the walking-sticks, and other trivialities. Tasmania is the only Australian colony not represented at the Exhibition.

The vast island of Australia—the greatest in the world—is tolerably well seen for the first time in Europe, and the sight will give rise to much inquiry that can only end in good. Although geographically not quite so large as Canada, and with only half of its population, yet it excels it in many things which appeal to the imagination of the adventurous. The climate, as may be gathered from the things which are shown, is of the highest quality; there is more sunshine, a greater plenty of pleasant things than perhaps may be found elsewhere, certainly than with ourselves, and more ample means for providing a full and happy human life fit for modest and industrious persons. One striking feature remains to be pointed out—namely, in all the Australian courts the visitor will hardly help noticing the number of limited liability companies which have forwarded exhibits; there are gold-mining companies, coal, copper, tin, corn, sugar, flour, wood, and furniture, iron and carriage, wire and rope, hat and muff, mutton, tallow, wine, and shipbuilding companies, with numerous others, as woollen manufacturing, banking, joint-stock, and land and commercial companies, which evince much trading activity and possibly sound and healthy co-operation that should provoke a careful consideration on the part of all who are interested in these enterprising and self-governed British colonies. One striking lesson will be learnt by the Australians now in London by visiting the Indian Administrative Court, where they will see how important a part irrigation has played in a rapid development of the wealth of India. To further extend pastoral pursuits in any part of Australia, but especially in Queensland and the northern parts of New South Wales, without previously establishing adequate works for the storage of rain-water, will be to court disaster.

#### ARCHITECTURE IN 1886.

THE sanguine optimists who may have been rocking themselves in the hope that the more liberal concession of space which the Royal Academy has since last year accorded to architecture would yield visible fruits in a stately display of noble public buildings will have been rudely undeceived. There are just two, or it may be three, public buildings on show, making up, by the way, half the whole number of the contributions, whose authors show a touching fidelity to the unfashionable styles of Greece and Italy. Mr. William Young informs us that the spacious "Municipal buildings" are "now being erected" (1887), but he forgets to say where this may be, while Birmingham is enriched by the classical "Council House and Art Galleries" (1846) due to Mr. Yeovil Thomason. But when we think of those latest and worst of public buildings, the intended Admiralty and War Office, and recollect the narrow and almost miraculous escape which seems to have delivered London from the infliction, it is cause for rejoicing that in the temporary abeyance of public buildings we may discover indications of a salutary break, and a fresh departure with more hopeful omens of progress. At the same

time it must be confessed that the architectural Academicians have done very little for the assistance of the art of which they are the pledged protectors. The only exhibitors this year are Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Aitchison, while Mr. Pearson, Mr. Norman Shaw, and Mr. Bodley are conspicuous by their absence. What the actual exhibition does produce for our instruction is a varied selection of houses in town and country constructed generally speaking of red brick or half timber, and of the styles connoted by this enumeration of their materials, and several churches of more or less distinction.

Mr. J. G. Jackson offers (1562, 1583) a proposed new building for the University of Oxford, adjoining the new schools in High Street. The architect's object is to continue the stately Jacobean pile with which he has enriched the University. We cannot quite rid ourselves of the apprehension that the gabled treatment which he has adopted for the new construction may stand in a rather too sharp contrast with the actual schools, of which the dominant idea is horizontal. Mr. Jackson deserves much praise for the graceful repose which marks his new building (1572) for Corpus Christi College, Oxford, founded as it is on the style of the seventeenth century, but without any coarse or grotesque elements. They must have sumptuous tastes at Abberley Hall to indulge (1575) in the clock tower which Mr. St. Aubyn has provided. Beauvale, Sunningdale (1579), by Mr. George Vigers, would not be so bad except for an incongruous round-headed window. Mr. Waterhouse offers in his Prudential Assurance Offices, Dale Street, Liverpool (1588), a repetition of that peculiar modernized Gothic with which he has made us so familiar in London; while his National Club on the Thames (1639) fairly takes leave of Gothic altogether, although it aims at engraving some picturesque variations upon the Italian stock. Mr. Stevenson's new houses, Cadogan Square (1602), are severely taken too narrow. His Kensington Court (1611) is much more effective; for the houses are broader, the gables assert themselves, and the mixture of Late Gothic and Renaissance which their style displays results, not in confusion, but in picturesque variety. Messrs. Ernest George and Peto handle Late Gothic in their chambers and shops, Mount Street (1617), in a way which is alike picturesque and practical. Their two houses in Cadogan Square (1673) are also boldly treated, particularly the larger one. Arundel and Fitzalan Houses, Arundel Street (1619), in well-proportioned Tudor, are creditable to Mr. Dunn. Mr. Robert W. Edis's Constitutional Club (1625) is one of the most conspicuous features of Northumberland Avenue, and, with its gables, its ruddy hue, and the impression it gives of height, is a refreshing contrast to the heavy and monotonous piles with which it is hemmed in in servile deference to the superstition which cherishes the insipid style of the Second Empire as the appropriate one for the construction of hotels. Messrs. Douglas and Fordham are successful in their Tudor House (1626) of Abbeystead, Wyredale. Mr. Frederick Pinches offers a well-proportioned design (1641) for the College of Preceptors, 2 and 3 Bloomsbury Square. Mr. Basil Champneys has provided a new Museum and Class-rooms (1848), in free Jacobean, for Harrow School. The effect of height which he produces deserves much praise. Mr. Horace Jones's Guildhall School of Music (1655) now being erected at Blackfriars for the Corporation is in very commonplace Italian. Mr. Webster's design for the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield (1656), combines Italian and Dutch Renaissance. We cannot say much in praise of Mr. Brydon's Chelsea Vestry Hall (1662) in Italian. So thoroughly Gothic a bank as Mr. Alfred Williams's London and County Bank, Kensington (1669), has, we suppose, hardly yet been produced. Mr. Stirling spoils his warehouse façade (1746) by fantastic adornments.

Messrs. Goldie, Child, and Goldie are going to rebuild, after a competition, the well-known church of St. James, Spanish Place (1561, 1696), which was in former days the chapel of the Spanish Legation. How it can be possible for any architect to put upon the restricted ground available in connexion with this church a building of a character so frankly cathedral-like as the one now offered puzzles us. Externally the plan is cruciform, with tower and spire attached to the nave, the style adopted being Middle Pointed. Inside there is an apsidal chancel, with triforium and clerestory, while the nave displays an ingenious treatment of galleried triforium, combined in the western portion with clerestory, while in the eastern part of the nave the clerestory is suppressed. Mr. John P. Seddon offers a wonderful interior of a Memorial Church, Paisley (1567). The destination is, we suppose, the Presbyterian worship, for an organ occupies the space where we should naturally seek the chancel; but the general treatment is that of a Ritualistic church abounding in colour and ornament. At the crossing is a Byzantine dome rising from pendentives, and decorated on gold grounds. In St. Paul's Church, Worcester (1571), Mr. Arthur Street applies with too liberal a hand the streaky treatment. Mr. R. J. Johnson's All Saints Church, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne (1574, 1647), is a dignified composition in Perpendicular. Mr. Ross has chosen (1577) the same style for St. Peter's, Accrington. We had occasion not long since to describe at length Mr. Aston Webb's excellent scheme for the restoration of Great St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield (1603). We need, therefore, now only express our gratification that this forms a portion of the present exhibition. Mr. Ernest Lee introduces flying buttresses (1605) into his proposed Perpendicular church at Teddington. Mr. Sedding offers a very elaborate design (1653) for the restoration of the great reredos at Winchester Cathedral. Mr. Oldred Scott's new Church with schools, &c., under it (1658), about to be erected in a poor part of West Ham (1658), has solid

external buttresses which give a favourable character to the design. The steeple, however, is too minute. Mr. Brooks' St. Andrews Church, Willesden Green (1668), shows the manly force characteristic of its designer. The east window, however, is not a happy conception, with its equal triplet, flanked by lower windows under the same hood. Messrs. Dunn and Hanson exhibit a Church of Our Lady of the Assumption at Cambridge (1698), cruciform in plan and Middle Pointed in style; the tower and spire stand to the north of the nave, and there is also a central tower, but much too squat, while the principal and angle turrets are founded on Third Pointed types. The additions and alterations to St. Ignatius Church, Preston (1690), by Mr. M. E. Hadfield and Son, are elaborate in colour and detail; but it is impossible to judge of them without an acquaintance with the present condition of the church. Mr. J. Belcher exhibits a west end (1703) to the Irvingite Church in Gordon Square. It is a pity that Mr. J. O. Sedding furnishes his new Church at Hayle with so inadequate a steeple.

#### MODERN MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

THERE is much interesting matter, though not put into a very coherent or readable form, in the paper on "Modern Christian Missions" in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*. No doubt, apart from the not unimportant political and social issues involved, it must be a startling, and ought to be a painful, consideration to an earnest Christian believer that out of a total population of the world, speaking roughly, of some 1,430 millions, only 430 millions at the outside can be reckoned as in any sense or form professing Christians, the remaining 1,000 millions being made up of Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists—of whom there are some 500 millions—and other kinds of heathen. The subject of Christian missions altogether is a very extensive one, and we shall confine ourselves in what we have to say at present, as does the reviewer, to modern missions, or in other words to the revival of missionary energy, among both Catholics and Protestants, during the last century. Even so it is only possible to touch on a few salient points. Certainly as regards English Protestant missions, it is a curious circumstance that the first impulse should have come, just a hundred years ago, from an obscure local preacher of the then small and insignificant sect of Baptists, who was at once sharply snubbed for his pains by the authorities of his own community, and, we may add, from a town which of late years has acquired an unpleasant notoriety for zeal in a cause not exactly Christian. It was at a meeting of Baptist ministers held in 1786 at Northampton that William Carey proposed for discussion the question, "whether the command given to the Apostles to teach all nations was obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent?" The President told him he was "a miserable enthusiast," and that nothing of the kind could be attempted without another miraculous Pentecost. But Carey persevered in his resolve, till eventually, after forty years of devoted missionary labour, he was laid in his honoured grave at Serampore, having earned the title of "the father of modern English missions." Nor is it a less significant fact, in another way, that whereas the single-minded zeal of this humble Baptist missionary drew on him the mockery of the then reigning apostle of ecclesiastical Liberalism, he was defended from these sneers by the High Church and Conservative Southey. But Carey was at first *vox clamantis in deserto*. There was no missionary fire burning in the breasts of English Protestants, and not much more among their foreign brethren, excepting always the devout and despised Moravians. Nor was it much better with Roman Catholics. The Roman Church in former ages had justly prided itself on its missionary successes. For three centuries before the Reformation the Franciscans, and for two centuries after it the Jesuits, had been the protagonists in this honourable crusade. The name of Francis Xavier is still held in honour beyond the limits of his own Communion, and those who are least disposed to commend or to condone the action of the Jesuits in Europe do not refuse to admit that in the heathen mission field their energies and their victories were alike unrivalled; not indeed that their missionary record is a stainless one—witness such ugly episodes as the "Chinese Rites" controversy—but still on the whole they worked and suffered nobly in a cause which deserved the sympathy of all who named the name of Christ. But the Jesuit Order was suppressed in 1774 by Clement XIV., not indeed without very sufficient reasons, but much to the detriment of this particular branch of its work. The *Quarterly* reviewer shall describe the state of things some twenty years later:—

In India, China, Japan, in the Philippine Islands and Paraguay, where Xavier, de Nobili, Breschi, and a missionary host, contributed by the great religious Orders of the Latin Communion, had won their triumphs, little remained as the fruit of their labours but a semi-heathenized corruption of Christianity. The despairing dirge of the Abbé Dubois over the missions in India, at the beginning of the present century, marked the lowest ebb of the fortunes of the Roman Propaganda. The native Catholics, he wrote, had dwindled to a third of what they had once been; and, after labouring himself for twenty-five years to make new converts, he gave it up in despair, declaring that he knew not of one who had yielded to conviction or become a Christian from disinterested motives; that such as he had baptized turned out a disgrace to their profession, if they did not relapse into heathenism as many did; and that the lesson taught him by his long experience was simply this, that true conversions of the natives of India were impossible.

Missionary zeal had reached its nadir, and now—closely coinciding, as the reviewer might have pointed out, with the general

religious recoil from the apathy of the eighteenth century—the reaction came, first among Protestants, and then in the Roman Catholic Church. The London Missionary Society, an "undenominational" but virtually Dissenting agency, was founded in 1795, and four years later the Church Missionary Society became the organ of the religious party then dominant in the Established Church; similar organizations were soon afterwards formed in Scotland. Some twenty years later, when the "Catholic reaction" which followed the French Revolution and the first Empire was getting into swing, a similar movement commenced there also. The great missionary centres of the Propaganda at Rome and the "Missions Étrangères" at Paris had never of course ceased to exist, but they had lost their first love. In 1822 however there was started at Lyons "L'Œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi," which has since ramified throughout the entire Roman Empire, and now contributes 250,000l. annually to the mission cause, while its fortnightly periodical, the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, takes the place of the *Lettres Édifiantes* of an earlier day. There has anyhow during the last half-century been no lack of missionary zeal in the Roman Church, as might be inferred from the fact that "the vast and perilous continent of Africa has been mapped out by the Vatican into 33 ecclesiastical provinces or vicariates," worked by missionaries four modern Congregations, over and above the older Orders, have been specially created to supply. The reviewer indeed thinks these missionaries are "almost too adventurous and reckless of danger," but that at all events is a fault on the right side. As we took occasion not long ago to observe, in commenting on the death of Bishop Hannington, there is much sound sense in the old saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and even an indiscreet enthusiasm often succeeds better in the long run than a too pusillanimous discretion. And the reviewer himself indeed more than bears us out in that conviction, when he reports—what we had not heard before—that the news of Bishop Hannington's murder was immediately followed by "the offer of a score of men, some of considerable standing, to go out and reinforce the mission in the service of which he fell." He adds that the massacre of 24,000 native (R. C.) Christians in Cochin China was similarly followed by the ordination of 130 young theological students at Paris, who had volunteered to go out to China and repair the losses thus sustained. On the whole it is evident that during the last half century especially there has been a wonderful revival of missionary energy throughout the Christian world, except that little can be reported in this connexion of the Eastern Church, "the least progressive part of Christendom," though Russia of course owes the same Christian duty to Asia that we owe to India.

Meanwhile two great difficulties are alleged—one chiefly fanciful, the other very real—against the work of the conversion of the heathen, which the reviewer oddly enough appears to have confused together, in his own mind, though they are perfectly distinct. We proceed before concluding to make a few remarks on both of them. A great authority on ethnography—we are not quoting the reviewer here—has said, "Do not deceive yourselves; every nation has its own religion. Catholicity was and is impossible. The German, the Italian, and the Greek have and always had different religions, because they are different nations . . . it is the national mind which really apprehends and interprets the message according to its capacity." To this it has been replied with unanswerable force that both Christianity and Mahometanism have exhibited the character of a world-wide religion, capable of embracing many and diverse nationalities; "Turks, Arabians, and Persians are as unlike each other as any three nations on about the same level of civilization will can be, and yet all three have the same religion; and are not the Scotch and Swiss Protestants of wholly different nationality, though they have the same religion?" There is just this amount of truth in the objection, that a new religion, as it gradually possesses and interpenetrates the national character, will bring out and modify, while it assimilates, its specific peculiarities, and thus in superficial details the practice of the same religion will vary according to differences of national temperament, but without any diversity of faith. No reasonable man therefore will question the wisdom of Bishop Lightfoot's advice, in the following passage quoted by the *Quarterly* reviewer:—

India is our special charge—as a Christian nation. India is our hardest problem—as a missionary church. Hitherto we have kept too exclusively to beaten paths. Our mode of dealing with the Indian has been too conventional, too English. Indian Christianity can never be cast in the same mould as English Christianity. We must make up our minds to this. The stamp of teaching, the mode of life, which experience has justified as the best possible for an English parish, may be very unfit when transplanted into an Indian soil. We must become as Indians to the Indian, if we would win India to Christ.

But so far has "the most dogmatic Church in Christendom" been from ignoring this fundamental fact of human nature, as it actually exists, that the fault charged on Roman missionaries, sometimes not without reason, has been of an exactly opposite kind; they are accused of conceding too much to the national habits and antecedents of their converts, to the prejudice of their Christian integrity, as in the notorious case of the Chinese Rites. But this is quite a separate difficulty from another, which the reviewer has somehow managed to confound with it, and which may be thus stated in his own words:—

It will be seen that the question to be decided is no less than this: whether the various sectarian divisions, represented by the missionary societies, and hitherto reproduced in their respective converts, are to be permanently stereotyped in neo-Christendom; or whether, in each land or



large district rescued from heathendom, the several clusters of converts, grouped round missionaries working upon different ecclesiastical lines, can be ultimately amalgamated on some comprehensive basis, so as to form an undivided Church?

This notion, as far as we can gather his meaning, of a sort of economical fusion *ad hoc* of jarring sects in one "undivided Church" of heathen converts, while the old differences remain unreconciled at home, appears to us as wildly chimerical in practice as it is difficult to justify on any intelligible ground of Christian principle. But the difficulty thus glanced at is none the less an exceedingly real one, and goes far to explain the very partial success of Christian missions in the past. "Our surprise is diminished," it has been observed by a high authority, "when we discover, on looking into the narratives of missionaries and travellers, how the European Christians carry with them everywhere their divisions and sectarian spirit; how, for instance, in East India twenty different Churches and sects are labouring at the conversion of the Hindus, each endeavouring to encroach upon the rest, destroy their settlements, and gain over their proselytes." This conflict was crucially exemplified, in a dramatic—not to say grotesque—form, when some years ago in Madagascar King Radema oscillated for a twelvemonth between the rival claims on his allegiance of Catholic and Protestant teachers, and when at last he was murdered each party charged the other with the crime, and the mutual strife waxed hotter than ever. Dr. Döllinger, from whom we take this story, adds:—"That is the spectacle presented by Christians to the gaze of the heathen world. Christ says that every kingdom divided against itself shall be destroyed. We understand then the failure of missionaries." But the obvious remedy is, not to devise some impossible and "comprehensive" compromise for the special behoof of the heathen, while reserving "our unhappy divisions" as a domestic luxury for ourselves, but first to labour for peace among ourselves, if we desire to convert the heathen to our common faith. As it is, while we are disputing, Christian missions languish, and Islam even in our own day is gaining over by the million fresh recruits to a system which at bottom, in spite of all politic subterfuges or evasions to meet a pressing emergency, is the organized consecration of fanaticism, cruelty, and lust. The reviewer indeed tells us that "the Indian believer in the Koran does not escape being influenced by the Christianity which is now in the air of India"; and he even confidently anticipates at no distant period the emergence of "great bishops out of Indian Mahometanism, to take a leading part in building up the native Church of India." We are glad to hear it; but will he inform us whether, in India or anywhere else, a single Mahometan has yet been converted to the Gospel?

#### ART EXHIBITIONS.

**TURNER'S** "Battle of the Nile and Blowing-up of the *Orient*" has been placed on a large screen in the midst of the usual exhibition of modern work at the Nineteenth Century Gallery in Conduit Street. This admirable picture, an early Turner (it was exhibited in the Academy of 1799), has been long buried, as far as the public in general are concerned, in the Master's lodge at Trinity College, Cambridge. Thus the many who will look at it for the first time will see it surrounded by ordinary work of the day, and will enjoy not only the pleasure of pure admiration, but that of an interesting comparison which cannot fail to stimulate their appreciation of Turner's genius. This picture, too, is in more thorough preservation than many which are better known, the effect is strong, simple, and vigorous, and the scheme of colour broader than it is in most of Turner's early work, mellower yet more sober than in most examples of his later development. In the centre a dark ship, with its tall scaffolding of poles, streaming sails, and banners, towers in effective contrast to the burning *Orient*, which is the high note of the arrangement. This boldly simple and nobly imaginative opposition of light and dark is carried on in fainter echoes among blazing batteries and the vividly illuminated hulls of ships till it passes above into a vast embroidery of murky smoke and blue rifts of midnight sky, while it is completed below by an effective foreground of figures, boats, and wreckage. In but few instances has Turner aimed at so broadly realistic a treatment of nature. The proportions among the masses are elegant, as well as founded on a true action of light, and their effect is nowhere frittered away by too curious and inquisitive a record of detail. The touch is liquid and straightforwardly direct. Though commoner and without the marvellous personality and distinction of the brushwork in later marines, such as "Boats off Calais Pier," the handling is consistently used to realize the effect. *En revanche* no heroic impudences of style are here as yet to distract attention from the poetic aspect of the scene. Of that hardness, which is apt to interfere with the suavity of the aerial envelope in early works, there is hardly any evidence except, perhaps, in the acute relief and somewhat black colour of parts of the rigging in the principal ship. Turner's fine feeling for distance, water, and reflections is already noticeable in this canvas, and the poetry he expresses is by no means fanciful, but is based on a just observation of large relations. Every one looking at this work will be sure to recollect his later renderings of similar smoky and firelit scenes, and painters, at least, will find that this one appeals more strongly and more directly to their imagination. It will be truly said that very little of Turner's

later colour has survived as this has; yet that is not altogether sufficient to account for the superior organization of effect which this picture possesses. It is due to the strength of the original conception, which is in quite comprehensible accordance with nature, and has been derived rather from a study of the mysteries of light than from speculation on the combinations of the palette.

One expects so much from a visit to the Boussod Valadon Galleries that the first view of "Famous Pictures from the French Salon, 1886," is somewhat disappointing. The choice is not representative of the best French work; too much place is given to stale and insincere conventionality, of which we surely have enough in England. By all means let the artists of each country hold the monopoly of the merely industrial picture. There is no use in importing foreign work into a country full of artists and artistic endeavour, unless to be of service to painters and the public taste. Now the English painter is apt to be timid; he is afraid to record his impressions boldly and broadly; he must needs be neat and finished, even when it spoils the meaning of his work, lest he should not be comprehended. There is no good, therefore, in showing him work like Bouguereau's, for instance, as an example of what is considered artistic on the Continent. In the first place, because it is not so considered there; in the second place, because he can see through it, and it is neither fitted to inspire him with courage nor to teach the public to sympathize with really sincere and original endeavour. Bouguereau's big figure subject, "Spring" (4), is well drawn, without doubt, after a cold and precise fashion, but it is totally uninteresting and devoid of any effect. As to its flesh painting, one has only to turn to "L'Eveil" (21), by Carolus Duran, to see how it lacks both subtlety and vigour. Bouguereau's modelling is stiff and formal; he rounds things on principle, and does not reveal surfaces by noting the subtle play of light to which they give rise. Looking closely at his work, you see what he was about and how he mathematically delineated forms which he knew by heart; close to Duran's you are aware of neither lines nor forms, and can scarcely see any gradations in the large, luminous, and creamy surface which meets your eye; yet, if you go back a few steps, every undulation of the shape comes out, and the figure appears vigorously constructed and bathed in light. Let any one examine in the same way the goddess's back in Titian's "Venus and Adonis" (National Gallery), and he will admit that this imitation of the natural magic of light was also the method of the greatest colourists. Better Israels than "When One becomes Old" (20), and better Artz's than "The Sewing Lesson" (16) were shown at the late Dutch exhibition, and we cannot say much for Jules Breton's "Bretonne" (18), which looks like a dull and badly executed Legros. Mr. Boggs, too, in "Windsor Castle," is below his best work; the colour is unpleasing, the composition weak, and the detail badly chosen and ineffective.

Those who have never seen any work by Matthew Maris, and were disappointed at its absence from the late exhibition at the Boussod Valadon galleries, have at present an opportunity of seeing examples of his art at Messrs. Buck and Reid's in Bond Street. A large and characteristic picture shows a girl, probably Cinderella, sitting spinning, whilst through the door the Prince is seen approaching. This picture exemplifies both Maris's undoubted merits and his strange eccentricity. It is full of his peculiar and fantastic poetry, in the figure and interior as well as in the treatment of the landscape and trees outside. Sketches in oil and in pastel by Muhrman, a young and little known artist, also deserve notice for their delicacy of feeling and their slight but suggestive treatment of nature.

#### THE BANK REPORTS AND DIVIDENDS.

**THE** past half-year was not very favourable for bankers. The commercial and agricultural depression continued all through. No doubt trade has been improving slowly; but the improvement is not sufficiently marked to have increased the demand for loans and discounts, while it was kept in check by political causes. The war between Serbia and Bulgaria in the first place, and the threats of war on the part of Greece, kept all Europe in anxiety lest the Eastern question with all its potentialities might be opened up again; and since then the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government, the dissolution, and the general election have diverted attention from business. In consequence there has been throughout the six months an over-supply of loanable capital in the short-loan market of London. The rates of discount and interest have been very low, and the demand exceedingly slight. Taking the six months together, the average rate of discount in the outside market in London was only about 11. 12s. per cent. per annum. This was so close to the rate allowed by banks upon money deposited with them that it left exceedingly little margin for profit. True, the banks hold a large amount in the form of current accounts, on which they pay no interest, and from these sums doubtless they derive a handsome profit. But these, after all, constitute a small proportion of their resources. It is not surprising, then, to find that of the nine metropolitan banks only four have been able to pay the same rate of dividend as for the first half of last year, while five pay lower rates. Of these five, however, the only material falling off is in the case of the London and Westminster, which pays at the rate of two per cent. per annum less than twelve months ago.

The Consolidated pays one per cent. per annum less. The three Discount Companies with which in former years we have had to deal have now been reduced to two, the old United Discount and General Credit Companies being amalgamated in one, and, as the amalgamation took place only in May of last year, there is no opportunity for making a comparison between the first half of 1886 and the first half of 1885 in the case of the new Company. The National Discount Company, however, has declared the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago. Thus, of the ten banks and Discount Companies, five declare the same rates of dividend and five pay less. Upon the whole, considering the circumstances of the half-year, this is not a bad result. It shows, in the first place, that trade is sound. For years past prices have been falling, and it would not have been surprising had many of our merchants been plunged in difficulties. That there have been very few serious embarrassments appears from the fact that the banks have incurred no serious bad debts. Had they done so, their rates of dividend would have fallen much more heavily than they have done. But it seems that banks look more now to investments for earning a dividend than they did in former times. The proper business of banks is lending and discounting, and to lending and discounting in former times the banks looked mainly for their profits; but of late the rates of interest and discount have been so low, and the demand on the part of the commercial community so small, that bankers have been obliged to look to other sources for the means of keeping up their dividends, and the most profitable source of all has been investment.

From the more general point of view the bank dividends are fairly satisfactory; but we fear that bank shareholders must make up their minds that it will become more and more difficult to keep dividends at the old rates. Prices have fallen so much that it is inevitable that the rates of discount and interest must fall likewise. The trading community can hope to make profits only by cutting down their working expenses in every way; and it is clear that one of the items of expense which must be reduced is the rate of discount. Besides, it is a matter of course that, as the accumulation of capital becomes larger, the value of money must decline. In the natural course of things savings tend to accumulate more rapidly than new sources of employment for capital. Consequently the value of money tends steadily to decline. From the middle of the century up to 1874 this natural tendency was held in abeyance by the extraordinary growth of enterprise in every direction, more particularly in building railways. When the whole world was engaged in constructing railways, reconstituting its mercantile marine, laying down telegraph-wires, and cutting canals, there was such a demand for capital to transform the instruments of production that the rates of interest and discount, instead of declining, rose considerably. Now, however, it may be said that practically Western Europe is supplied with railways. No great main line has been built in this country for years past, and, indeed, there is little railway building carried on anywhere except in the United States, Russia, and India. The growth of wealth in the United States has been so rapid of late that America is able to find almost the whole of the capital it needs for railway building. Russian credit has so much fallen that Russia is not able to borrow very largely, even for railways; and the Indian Government is too cautious to launch out into a considerable expenditure, even for the sake of opening up untapped districts. Consequently, the demand for capital for new railway construction is very small compared with what it was twenty years ago. And it is relatively even smaller, since the growth of wealth has been immense in the interval. Shipbuilding, too, has come to an end for the time. And no new industrial development of any kind calls for the sinking of vast sums within short periods. And while the demand for new industrial undertakings has thus been falling off, there has likewise been a great diminution in State borrowing. Our own Government and the United States have been paying off debt of late instead of borrowing, and, with the exception of the French, there has been little borrowing on the part of any great Government. The result is that no exceptional demand arising either for political or great industrial undertakings, the savings of capital greatly outweigh the demand for purely commercial purposes; and thus the tendency is every year for a further decline in the value of money. It is to be presumed, therefore, that bankers will find it increasingly difficult in the future to pay the rates of dividend which they were accustomed to pay for the past ten years.

One other cause adds to the difficulty. When the banks decided to adopt limited liability, they found it incumbent upon them to increase their capitals considerably. But to pay the same rate of dividend upon the larger capital as was paid upon the smaller capital required, of course, considerably increased net earnings. This could be obtained only by extending very largely the business done. But, unfortunately for the banks, banking facilities were almost fully developed when the change took place. Of course, as population increases and wealth grows there will be demands for new banking facilities; but these demands will grow up slowly, and in the meanwhile it must be extremely difficult for the banks so to expand their business as to earn enough to pay upon the augmented capital the same rates of dividend as they paid upon the smaller. Had railway building or State borrowing on a large scale been kept up, the difficulty would not have been felt; but, as we have been pointing out, both railway building and State borrowing have been falling off just while the banks have felt the need for enlarging their business. And, at the same time, the fall in prices has been diminishing the demand of the mercantile

community. With prices so much lower than they were even four or five years ago, it needs a smaller capital to carry on the same business, and at the same time the steady fall in prices tends to deter merchants and manufacturers from borrowing largely. This will continue, of course, only as long as the fall goes on; but while from six months to six months it is observable that prices are tending downwards, it is inevitable that manufacturers and merchants should restrict their operations as much as possible. Buying in order to sell again at a profit while prices are steadily declining is an extremely risky business. Thus in every way it has been found more difficult to increase banking business of late years. The demand, as we have been pointing out, for accommodation has fallen off, and at the same time the necessity for large capitals has been weakened by the fall in prices. It seems now, indeed, that the fall in prices is arrested. For the past twelve months the fall has been very slight, and though, if we look forward to a long period, such as ten years, it may possibly be that prices will continue to decline, the decline will be so very slow and gradual as scarcely to have any effect upon banking business. At the same time there are many indications that trade is improving just now, and therefore the probability is that the half-year upon which we have entered will be more profitable than the half-year that has ended. As regards English banking in particular this is the more probable, because the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is exceedingly small. The Bank, therefore, will begin the autumn with a dangerously low reserve, and the probability seems to be that throughout the autumn the value of money will be very much higher than at present. Banks and discount-houses will be able, therefore, to employ their money at better rates in the second half of the year than in the first, and the probability is that their profits will be larger. It is noticeable from the reports, indeed, that the profits have been very slightly less than they were in the first half of last year; though, if we compare the profits with the first half of 1882, the decline is very considerable. This is quite in accordance with what we should have expected. As pointed out above, trade, though depressed, is sound, and there is little falling off from six months to six months; but when we go back a period of four years, the fall in prices has been extremely great, and the contraction of business in every direction exceptionally large. In the new half-year there is not much likelihood that the expansion of trade will be marked. We have every reason to look forward to a steady improvement, but the improvement is likely to be slow, and it may be checked by the advance in rates, which is inevitable in the autumn. The reserve of the Bank of England being too low, if any untoward accident should occur, the rise in the rate of discount may be such as materially to check the improvement in trade. If this does not happen, however, the probability is that the demand for both loans and discounts will be good; that there will be full employment for all the funds at the disposal of the banks, and that, consequently, bankers' profits will be larger than they have been for some time past.

#### TOURNEYING AT BARN ELMS.

THE annual military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, which has become a regular institution, fully recognized among the fixed and movable feasts of the sporting year, has done much to bring the so-called military sports into the favour they enjoy at present. To be a perfect success, however, a gathering of this kind requires a number of favourable circumstances, much expenditure of trouble, and very experienced management. Unfortunately, circumstances refused to favour the military tournament held this week on the grounds of the Ranelagh Club, and whatever success it did obtain, notwithstanding difficulties, is a matter of congratulation to its energetic promoters.

A postponed entertainment invariably loses some of its interest, and the same watery weather which prevented the meeting the previous week once more sadly interfered with the actors and spectators last Wednesday. Several of the original competitors and judges were unable to attend a second time, thus throwing some confusion into the programme arrangements.

To the usual tournament performances, heads and posts, tent-pegging and tilting at the ring—the prizes for the first two of which fell to the share of that well-known veteran of the tournament ring, Lord Harrington, and that for the last to Lord Kilmarnock—were added, for the sake of variety, stage competitions of boxing, wrestling, and fencing, likewise very fair of their kind. But the most interesting feature of the afternoon was an attempt at reviving some Old English sports in the shape of tilting at the quintain and sword-and-dagger play in true Elizabethan style. Concerning the first, unfortunately, a curious misapprehension of the purposes of the quintain caused a complete failure. It seems to have been ignored that the quintain in its days was resorted to for practice in "breaking a lance," and consequently necessitated the employment of a very light and specially constructed spear. The use of the regulation lance, with which in the present case it was attempted to carry on the game, could only result, as it did in the first trial, in a severe jar on the wrist, and nothing more. In the sword-and-dagger fight between Lord Mayo and Mr. Egerton Castle it was easy to perceive, if not an absolutely set play, at least a very careful practice of some of the favourite bouts of Carranza and Saviolo. The weapons used—long double-



edged rebated swords, with shell and bar hilts, exact copies of well-authenticated sixteenth-century rapiers, and shell left-hand daggers of the old Spanish type—rendered this curious and picturesque, if not very graceful, play interesting from an antiquarian point of view. It suggested the reflection that, in these days of archaeological accuracy, it would be well if actors who attempt to represent ancient sword-play on the stage were more particular about the source of their information on the subject, and paused to consider before making Hamlet and Laertes, or Tybalt and Mercutio, fence after the manner of modern French masters.

To return to the tournament itself, we hope that the attempt will be more than once repeated on the delightful grounds of Barn Elms, but that this year's experience will secure in the future something more brilliant than a *succès d'estime*.

#### THE PASTORAL PLAYERS.

THE general aim of the Pastoral Players is most laudable. To entertain hot folks in the open air, to give their audience a chance of enjoying a dramatic performance without the usual drawbacks of overcrowding, vile air, and a general smell of gas and Hanoverian velvet, is no small achievement. So far the Pastoral Players deserve every possible commendation for the thorough way in which they have gone to work. All went with perfect smoothness, the incidental music being admirably adapted to its purpose, and meeting with very fair interpretation. While bestowing especial praise on the way in which Mr. Godwin has set about his task, we must pause to take exception to the colour of the dress selected for Fair Rosamund, the two blues of which set up a distinctly discordant note in the general harmony. This much being conceded, we must fall foul of the Pastoral Players for the play chosen for representation this year. *Fair Rosamund*, following the example of Lord Tennyson's *Becket*, from which it is adapted with very trifling alterations, is wholly impossible considered as an acting play, and is peculiarly unsuited for an out-of-door performance, if we except the one scene between Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamund. The opening scene in which the King and Becket are discovered playing chess on the stump of an old tree—a plush-covered seat having been provided for the King—is, of course, a hopeless absurdity. Nor do the wearisome dialogues between them furnish any matter for dramatic representation. On the other hand, the last act, well acted by Miss Genevieve Ward and Lady Archibald Campbell, is in itself thoroughly dramatic and well suited for an outdoor performance. The part of the King was carefully but somewhat dully sustained by Mr. Bassett Roe, while the character of Becket was given by Mr. Macklin with considerable dignity and force. But for a little self-consciousness Miss Maude Millett's "bower maiden" would have been an excellent performance; while Miss Milton's Geoffrey showed considerable merit. Lady Archibald Campbell was throughout refined and graceful; but she has yet much to learn in the management of her voice, which was, however, very pathetic at certain moments. The beauty of the place added a great charm to the performance.

#### REVIEWS.

##### AMERICAN FARM LAW AND GAME LAWS.\*

THIS volume, in form and binding, has a very professional appearance; but its preface assures laymen that they need not be afraid of it, as the author has "endeavoured to avoid using technical terms and phrases, and has stated the law in the simplest possible language." His wish is that his book may "be of use not only to the attorney having farmers as clients, but also to the farmer himself." These promises of simplicity are fulfilled throughout the work, and, in spite of its somewhat official appearance, laymen will find it far easier to understand than many of the cheap and unpretending-looking legal handbooks which are too often but wolves in sheep's clothing. After all, Mr. Austin's volume is not a large one, and it should find a place in the library of every farmer in the United States. English lawyers have, or ought to have, too much work in their own country to have the time or inclination to trouble their heads about American law. Indeed it is surprising to find how little they know even of Scotch law, although some acquaintance with it may be of importance to them at any time. If, therefore, inconvenience and delay often occur (as we can testify) through the ignorance of English lawyers concerning the only law in Great Britain which differs from their own, what would one expect the legal difficulties to be in America, where the laws vary more or less in many counties as well as States? For instance, there are an immense number of divergencies in the Game-laws in different localities; the statutes about fences vary in at least six of the States; and there are different statutes for trespasses by animals in thirteen of them. Twenty-five States substantially follow the provisions of a certain Statute of Frauds, and seven do not. The laws relating to the seizure of crops under distress or attachment differ in very complicated ways in Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, Michigan,

Maine, Vermont, and Virginia. All these variations of law in different districts make the duties of an American attorney appear anything but easy to the simple Britisher.

The chief interest to English readers in Mr. Austin's book will probably be the divergencies between the American and the English law. There are plenty of these, as every one who reads this volume will admit; although the general principles of American agricultural law are not so different from our own as some people might suppose. The transfer of real estate is proverbially easy in America. A short form of deed, containing less than twenty lines, will convey a landed estate of any size. It must be in writing, signed by both the parties, and attested by one or more witnesses; a judicial officer must make an acknowledgment consisting of some half-dozen lines; the deed must be recorded in the county where the land lies, and the whole transaction will be completed. In some States a seal of wax or wafer, in others "a scrawl" or "scroll" is sufficient. In Illinois, Indiana, and some other States, no witnesses are required. Deeds may be written on either parchment or paper.

Estates in fee tail are now abolished by law in most of the United States, and in the others they are almost obsolete. Estates tail were introduced with the other parts of English jurisprudence into America, and remained in full force until the Revolution, after which the destruction of "all titles of nobility in the United States swept away the chief inducement to the maintenance of this system of estates." There are some complicated varieties in the laws relating to real property in different States, particularly to Estates by Curtesy and Estates for Years. Pews in a church are held to be real estate in Maine and Connecticut; but in New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts they are held to be personal property, while in Indiana they belong to the church. With regard to Trespass on Real Estate, "the fact that a person crosses the land of a farmer for twenty years does not give him a right to continue the practice" in America. "Even fifty years would not give any right to continue to pass after he had been forbidden to do so." The law of trespass in Maine and Massachusetts gives fixed dates (April 1 to December 1) between which it is criminal to trespass on any orchard, garden, mowing land, or other improved or enclosed land; and if any one commits such a trespass in the face of a posted notice, or after verbal warning, he is liable to a fine not exceeding twenty dollars. At other times of year, and at all times on other kinds of land, a trespass is not criminal, but civil, and the only legal remedy is an action for damages. In a country like America one might naturally expect that the laws of rights of way would be laxer than in England, but the contrary appears to be the case.

When a farm servant is hired in England, and no time is limited, either expressly or by implication, for the duration of the contract, the hiring is understood to be for a year; but in America when no period is agreed upon the hiring is at will, and the farmer may discharge his labourer, and the labourer may leave his master, at any time without cause. A labourer hired for a certain time has a right to leave his master at will if the latter makes habitual use of blasphemous language to him, and "any act or neglect of the farmer prejudicial to the morals, reasonable comfort, health, or reputation of the labourer will justify him in abandoning the service."

The American laws of soundness and warranties respecting horses, sheep, cattle, &c. vary in different States. In deciding what constitutes a breach of warranty, some judges consider that the injury must be permanent, while others think even temporary injury sufficient. Soundness in a horse has been held by English judges to mean an entire freedom from disease, complaint, or suffering of any kind and full possession of good health. Lord Ellenborough held that a warranty of soundness is broken "if the animal at the time of the sale had any infirmity upon him which rendered him less fit for present service," and that "it is not necessary that the disorder should be permanent or incurable. While a horse has a cough," said the learned judge, "I say he is unsound, whether that be temporary or prove mortal"; and he further maintained that, if a suit is brought on the ground that a horse was lame at the time of his sale, when he was warranted sound, "his condition subsequently is no defence to the action." In America, as a general rule, although by no means universally, judges hold a contrary opinion. Chief Justice Bigelow said that "lameness may or may not make a horse unsound. If it was only accidental and temporary, it would not be a breach of warranty." A written statement by a seller of a horse that "he is sound to the best of my knowledge" is not held to be a warranty in American law. The language of a warrant only extends to its express terms. Thus, says Mr. Austin, "a bill of sale of 'one red horse six years old, which I warrant sound and kind,' contains a warranty of soundness and kindness only, and not the animal's age, as that is a matter of description."

The American Game-laws are both varied and complicated. In New York and several other States the use of ferrets for rabbiting is forbidden—a prohibition which sounds strange to an Englishman. Shooting from boats is also forbidden in New York, except on Long Island Sound, Lake Ontario, and Hudson River below Nyack. "Hounding" is prohibited in New York, with the exception of two counties, in which it is permitted during the first ten days of October, and in several other States "hounding" is not allowed at any time. Insectivorous birds are protected in New York during a close season, with the exception of robins and meadow-larks. Fishing and shooting on Sundays are forbidden

\* The Law concerning Farms, Farmers, and Farm Labourers; together with the Game Laws of all the States. By Henry Austin, Esq., of the Boston Bar. Boston: Charles C. Soule. 1886.

in nearly all the States. In New Jersey "the capture of and traffic in game and insectivorous birds for the purpose of preserving or stuffing as an ornament is prohibited." In Connecticut "song and insectivorous birds and their nests are protected." In Maine there is a curious law that the "Governor may commission persons to take birds for scientific purposes, not to exceed ten persons at a time." Deer may not be killed when in water throughout Pennsylvania, nor may they be chased with hounds, and in the same State there is a close time for squirrels. There, too, insectivorous birds are protected at all seasons. Shipment of game for sale out of Delaware and certain other States is illegal. In many of the States no wildfowl may be killed at night. Let travellers in West Virginia beware of using "sneak or push boats," as they are expressly forbidden by the laws of that State. Non-residents—i.e. persons who have not resided in the State a year—are prohibited from shooting and fishing at all in South Carolina without special permission from a landholder, and then only within his own boundaries.

After reading the wonderful complications and varieties of the Game-laws of most of the States, it is surprising to find that in Florida there are none of any kind whatever. It is a great change to turn from Florida to Alabama, for in that State the ornithologist who shot a mocking-bird or the boy who killed a thrush would find that he had destroyed a bird that is protected at all seasons of the year. Yet even in Alabama there are two counties in which this law is not in force. In thirteen counties of Tennessee no one except a resident may kill game for profit. Guns may not be used within five miles of wild-pigeons' nestings in Michigan, where trapping deer is also forbidden. Birds not showing shot-marks are considered illegally killed in Missouri. Buffaloes, moose, elks, deer, antelopes, mountain sheep, and Rocky Mountain goats may not be killed merely for the sake of their hides without using their carcasses for food. Among the British possessions we find that in Manitoba residents can shoot without a licence, but that non-residents must take one, costing twenty-five dollars, from the Minister or Deputy-Minister. A licence, however, may be granted to the guest of a resident for three days free of charge. In Quebec no single person may shoot more than two moose, two cariboes, or three deer in the same season.

We have given only a few specimens of the varieties in American and Canadian Game-laws; but in each State there are still further differences in some of the counties. In Texas, for example, there are certain State Game-laws; yet there are exceptions to these in one hundred and fifty counties. The complications in the Game-laws of different States appear to be almost rivalled by the Dog-laws. In four States, if a vicious dog bites anybody, the owner is liable to be sued for the exact damages; in four others he is liable for double the amount of damages sustained; and in five States he may be sued for treble the amount of damage. There are still further variations of the law on this point in eight other States. Indeed, the troubles which beset the path of a man who wanders about the United States with a gun and a dog seem endless, and the worst of it is that they vary at every turn.

A review of Mr. Austin's book would be incomplete without a tribute to the clearness and conciseness of its style; and, as we hinted at the beginning of our notice of the work, one of its greatest merits consists in its being equally adapted to the legal and the lay understanding.

#### LANCASHIRE CHURCH AND SCHOOL LIBRARIES.\*

IN this most meritorious publication the accomplished Chancellor of the Manchester diocese appears like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. Nothing, on the one hand, can be more disastrous than the tale of neglect and dilapidation which he is constrained to unfold; the incidents of the story, on the other hand, are comic and even farcical. Nor is the history without an instructive moral. We may learn from it how vain are the best intentions of donors and benefactors if they will not adapt themselves to the actual needs of those whom they intend to benefit; and how useless is such well-meant legislation as the Act of 1709 for the better preservation of parochial libraries if it assumes a want which does not, in fact, exist. The stupidity with which the Lancashire people have allowed choice collections of books to rot in damp and mildew, to be torn, pilloined, embezzled, or otherwise muddled away, entitles them to the hearty anathemas of all to whom a crime against a book is like a crime against a human being. But it must be owned, on the other hand, that the delinquents had no personal motives to interest themselves in the preservation of volumes which told them nothing that they wanted to know, and that the feelings to which any monument of mental activity is sacred, and which cherish even a useless bequest for the sake of the bequeather, belong to the finest developments of sentiment and the latest growths of civilization. We are not surprised to find them generally absent from Lancashire in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Christie virtually answers the question how the destruction he describes and deplores could come about by adopting the old

British Museum attendant's stereotyped reply to every request for information—"Look in the catalogue." On inspecting the old library catalogues collected and transcribed by Mr. Christie's diligence, we find that the contents are almost exclusively divinity or editions of the classics. That is, they consist of books which must of necessity soon become obsolete. Very few editions of classical authors retain their popularity as school-books for more than a generation. In divinity, too, every age has its fashion. The Calvinism of the first generation of the founders of school libraries would find little favour with the "mungrel and squint-eyed Arminianism," as one of the divines cited by Mr. Christie entitles it, of the second, and each would be alike unpalatable to the latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century or the eclecticism of the nineteenth. It cannot, then, be a subject for wonder that men ceased to preserve what they had ceased to value; and the shortsightedness of the founders, almost equally with the irreverence of the inheritors, is rebuked by the revelations, alike mournful and laughable, brought to light by Mr. Christie.

It is, indeed, a tale full of matter for Mr. Lang and Mr. Blades, one throughout which the "robustious Philistine" and the "enemy of books" are equally rampant. When the present venerable Vicar of Astley took possession of his parsonage in 1831 he was shown an attic chamber, with the observation, "There is nothing in there." Said he, "There is something like furniture." Said they, "That is only the library." "What do you mean by the library?" he said. "Oh! a lot of old books." By-and-bye a missing book was restored by a woman, "whose husband had it given him for shaving a man." How many volumes had been bestowed for similar consideration no one knows; it may be hoped not many, as the neglected store is still rich in Fathers of the Church and divines of the seventeenth century. In 1684 "Mr. Hayhurst, Minister of Macclesfield, left all his books (except the Book of Martyrs and his Great Bible) to the parish church of Ribchester." In 1884 "no one in the parish seems ever to have seen or heard of the old library," though a gentleman not in the parish thinks it was extant in 1858, "packed in boxes." The late vicar's son "would have suspected they were still in existence," though, as he reasonably conjectures, "not in good preservation." Inquiry for the library known to have existed at Heskin at first elicited the reply, "The library can nowhere be found." But Mr. Christie's own researches brought to light forty-eight out of the eighty volumes, "in a small wooden chest." Lancaster Grammar School had gone so far as to appoint a librarian in the person of the Usher, and ordain "that the Usher do deliver the books and a correct catalogue thereof to every succeeding Usher." This judicious regulation notwithstanding, Mr. Christie is "unable to state what has become of the library, as in answer to my inquiry the Head-Master wrote, 'We have no library.'" As long ago as 1674 the books at Rivington, "by one ill means or other, how or when is not known, are reduced to a small and inconsiderable number." They are naturally at the present day reduced to nothing. One "ill means" adopted with signal success to thin the Burnley Library was to lock up disobedient scholars in it as a punishment, when the volumes were of course used as weapons and missiles, "for which some of the old boys have since expressed their contrition." The same books having recently to be removed, the official entrusted with the operation, disliking the trouble of carrying them downstairs, "backed the cart under the window of the room, and borrowed a plank, and slid the books down into the cart." Notwithstanding which, the Burnley Library is the best preserved of any that has come under Mr. Christie's cognizance. One of the next in extent is Cartmel, which has 294 volumes, "generally speaking fine copies, but thirty or forty are without backs, and have been tied together by the present Rector with a view to their preservation." A different method was adopted in another library, where the mouldering tomes found an appropriate refuge in the Conservative Club. The Hawkshead school library, founded by Archbishop Sandys, and containing his own family Bible, some little the worse for its mutilation by relic-hunting Americans, is remarkable for a serious effort having been made to enlarge it, and for Wordsworth—an old pupil—having been among its benefactors. He joined with other scholars in presenting on leaving Gillies's *Greece* and Hoole's *Tasso*, the latter a production exceedingly remote from the principles of poetry sanctioned by his maturer judgment. Such little anecdotes frequently enliven Mr. Christie's pages, which are also embellished by two delightful pieces of sentiment. Origen was obviously the very last Father of the Church who can have contemplated his homilies being made the vehicle of a love-letter. Nevertheless, "on the margin of the second folio of the text is written, 'For ye Reverend Mr. Bowr, vicar of Boden. Dear Sir, I having seven times seen your fair sister am quite overcome with ye love of her, and I desire dear sir that you would speak a good word for me and I shall always be your friend and servant. I hope sir to come and see you in a very short time, your words will so prevail over your beautiful sister.'" And "Thomas Worrall, Master of Leigh School in 1811-12," has written on a blank page in Bacon's *Historie* the following:—"Miss E. Guest made me a present of a very handsome purse on Friday, August 9, 1811. Her own hands made it, and it is therefore invaluable." Such little bits of romantic feeling, like faded flowers left between the worm-eaten pages, do much to relieve the general effect of Mr. Christie's dispiriting chronicle of misadventure and breach of trust. They suggest that the driest of bequests may have uses not foreseen by the testators, and hint at ways and means of

\* *The Old Church and School Libraries of Lancashire.* By Richard Copley Christie, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, President of the Chetham Society. Printed for the Chetham Society.



remedying the latter's great mistake in bequeathing what must soon become obsolete. The book is one to be pondered by the pious founder, and relied upon by the advocates of rate-supported libraries. Had it been possible to have taxed the inhabitants, however lightly, value for the money would have been insisted upon, and the libraries would have neither become dilapidated nor useless.

No one acquainted with Mr. Christie's careful work on Étienne Dolet will be surprised to learn that this book is a mine of bibliographical knowledge. The notes occupy nearly half the volume, and teem not merely with literary but with human interest. Many of the old authors' lines need much elucidation, which they always receive; many of the donors or possessors were local celebrities of interesting fortunes or sterling worth. Old church and school libraries are, indeed, the happy hunting-grounds of bibliographers, and have the advantage that when even a catalogue is preserved the title serves every bibliographical purpose as well as the book. In some instances it is even better, as in that of "Richardson's Photocryden," bought for the Bolton Grammar School in 1661. Had the book not been lost, there would have been no scope for Mr. Christie's sagacity in detecting under this portentous description "Richard Mont[agu's] Photius. Gr. Latin"; a most conclusive identification, which not one man in a thousand could have made. Such preternatural acumen proves that it is merely by accident that the "Socrates" of another catalogue has escaped recognition as Isocrates—an entry reminding us of the president of the Free-thinking Club in Goldsmith's essay, who informs the members that he has procured at his own expense the works of Socrates, Tully, and Cicero, which he purposes to read to the Society.

#### TWELVE CLASSICAL BOOKS.\*

WHEN a school edition of a classical author is compiled from a larger edition for more advanced students, there is always some danger that the notes will miss their mark, that they will lose their value by compression, and fail to be sufficiently definite and exact to be of much use to boys. Messrs. Campbell and Abbott's school version of Mr. Campbell's *Sophocles* was peculiarly liable to this danger, because the larger work owed its undoubted value rather to its literary qualities and to a remarkable insight into the poet's intention than to scholarship in the narrower sense of the word. Not that the work was other than scholarly; but the literary and artistic aspect of the poems had clearly been most prominent in the editor's mind. The danger to which we have referred has been skilfully avoided in the present work. The editors have not spared their labour, and by much recasting and rewriting they have produced an excellent school edition. Points of grammar and scholarship receive due attention, and the only fault which we are inclined to find with the notes is that, according to a fashion prevalent nowadays, there is too much help given in the way of translation. The introductory analysis of each play is worthy of special attention. There is sometimes, perhaps, a little excess of refinement in the analysis of character and in the attribution of significance to slight words and actions; but these chapters, without being over the head of a thoughtful boy, do all that can be done to enable him to enter into the poet's conception, and to understand the feelings with which an Athenian audience would

\* *Sophocles for the Use of Schools*. Edited, with Introductions and English Notes, by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, and Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Balliol College, Oxford. New and revised edition, 2 vols. Vol. I. Text. Vol. II. Explanatory Notes. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*Æschylus Prometheus Vinculus*. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by the Rev. H. M. Stephenson, M.A., Head-Master of St. Peter's School, York. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Xenophon—Anabasis. Book I*. Edited, for the Use of Junior Classes and Private Students, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by J. Marshall, M.A., Rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*Xenophon—Selections from the Cyropædia*. Edited, for the Use of Schools, with Notes, Vocabulary, and Exercises, by Alfred Hands Cooke, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Livy—Books XXI., XXII., and XXIII.* With Introduction and Notes by M. T. Tatham, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford, Assistant-Master at Westminster School. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

*Livy—Book XXI.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Maps, by the Rev. Launcelot Downing Dowdall, M.A., late Scholar, &c. Trin. Coll., Dublin, B.D. Ch. Ch., Oxford. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

*Cicero—Cato Major: a Dialogue on Old Age*. Edited, for the Use of Schools, with Notes, Vocabulary, and Biographical Index, by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Eton. London: Macmillan & Co.

*P. Vergili Maronis Georgicon Libri I. II.* Edited, with English Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cambridge: University Press.

*Homeri Iliadis Carmina*. Editio Aloisius Rzach. Pars prior. Carm. I.-XII. Lipsiæ: Sumptus fecit G. Freytag.

*Parallel Passages for Translation into Greek and English*. Carefully Graduated, for the Use of Schools and Colleges, by the Rev. Ellis C. Mackie, B.A., Classical Master at Heversham Grammar School. London: Macmillan & Co.

*Notabilia of Greek Syntax*. By the Rev. F. Wilkins Aveling (of Taunton). London: Relie Brothers.

*Exercises on the Compound Sentence in Greek*. With Rules and a Vocabulary. By F. W. Cornish, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton College. Eton: R. Ingaltton Drake.

witness the plays. This excellence is especially prominent in the introduction to the *Ajax*, a play which contains much that does not appeal to modern feeling. No one who has read the play with boys can forget the weariness generally felt by his form during the debate on the burial of Ajax. Messrs. Campbell and Abbott do very much to make the strong Greek sentiment on the question a reality for their readers. The first volume contains, besides the text, a life of Sophocles, an admirable sketch of the characteristic features of the grammar of Sophocles, a chapter on the metres, and one on the MSS. There is also a short appendix containing MSS. readings and corrections of important passages. We resist the temptation to discuss some of the interpretations of disputed passages, which is the less necessary as the editors frequently—perhaps we may say generally—give alternative renderings. This plan is sometimes held to be injudicious in a school edition, but in dealing with Sophocles or Æschylus it is often necessary.

Mr. Stephenson's notes to the *Prometheus Vinculus* are sufficient and not excessive. They are strictly confined to elucidation of the text, and contain little or no irrelevant matter; in fact, they are well suited to the needs of boys reading, perhaps, their second Greek play. The vocabulary demands a word of notice. It does not entirely do away with the use of a lexicon, but contains only "words of one meaning, which lead to nothing beyond their one meaning." Mr. Stephenson argues that to look out such words in a lexicon is needless waste of time. This may be true enough, but boys using the book are not likely to know by the appearance of a word whether it belongs to the above class or not; they will therefore, we fancy, after a few fruitless references to the vocabulary, give it up in disgust, and in every case go straight to the lexicon—a consummation devoutly to be wished. The text is printed with thick type, which seems to us to be very trying to the eyes.

Mr. Marshall's is a good edition of the first book of the *Anabasis*—better suited, perhaps, to the second than to the first of the two classes of students for whom it is intended. The notes, which are scholarly throughout, give a good deal of information, such as the use of μέν and δέ, which boys would get from their first lesson in Greek sentences, and a good deal more which would be better left to their own research or to the instructions of their form-master. For the use of students working alone the notes are excellent, especially from the grammatical point of view. A well-written introduction gives all necessary information about the expedition, and about the characteristics of Xenophon's style.

Mr. Cooke's selections from the *Cyropædia* are intended to form a "first Greek reader for boys who have just begun to make the acquaintance of the declensions and regular verbs." For this purpose the book seems to us to be rather too difficult. Mr. Cooke practically admits this when he says that boys will make progress, "frequently guessing by the sense, rather than working out by the grammar, the relation of words to each other." Some ignorance of the minds of young boys is contained in the statement that "boys will appreciate anecdotes about the early life of a boy like themselves" (do most boys lecture their grandfathers about eating and drinking, like writers in the monthly reviews?) Our experience is that the varied virtues of the youthful Cyrus are apt to be extremely tedious to boys. Many of the notes, too, are scarcely suited to young boys just beginning Greek, though for rather older boys they may be useful. The exercises at the end of the book are good.

Livy, after being unaccountably neglected, has of late years been frequently edited for school purposes. Naturally, the books which tell the story of the Second Punic War have received the greatest share of attention. Of the two latest followers in the steps of Mr. Capes, Mr. Tatham has written apparently for the middle forms of public schools. He gives more help than Mr. Capes, and pays special attention to points of grammar and construction. His notes are short and to the point, such as boys will read, and the historical information is sufficient without being excessive. Words and phrases are now and then, perhaps, translated needlessly, but a word or two of translation often saves a paragraph of comment. The text is preceded by an excursus on Livy's style, but in the notes such matters are rightly dealt with sparingly. Fourth form boys read Livy to learn Latin in general, not Livian latinity in particular. A good map is appended to the book, which we may commend as a thoroughly good school-book.

Mr. Dowdall's edition of Book XXI. seems to be intended for the use of more advanced readers, and should be useful to those who are making a minute study of the History. The time occupied by Hannibal's passage of the Alps, the Gallic tribes with which he came in contact, and other such points are discussed; and Mr. Dowdall (who adopts with slight changes Madvig's text) occasionally discusses various readings. He has clearly made a careful study of the work of previous commentators, and also of Polybius, and has produced a good and scholarly edition, which does not offer to criticism any very salient points.

Mr. Shuckburgh's edition of the *De Senectute* is rather over-weighted with introduction, commentary, and appendix. Of the two hundred and fifty pages which the volume contains, less than fifty are occupied by the text. An introduction thirty-six pages long consists mainly of an account of Cato, and the book concludes with a biographical index of fifty pages. The notes are, from the literary point of view, delightful, though we fear that the wealth of illustration from classical and modern literature which Mr. Shuckburgh bestows upon the text will be thrown

away upon boys who are supposed to be incapable of using a dictionary. We strongly advise older students who would read the dialogues with pleasure and profit to use Mr. Shuckburgh's commentary.

All teachers who know Mr. Sidgwick's work—and what classical teacher does not?—will be glad that he has undertaken to edit a part, at any rate, of the *Georgics* for school use. The notes are terse and frequent, and thoroughly helpful. Mr. Sidgwick seldom translates more than a word or a phrase, but in the present work he gives help of this kind more often than is, we fancy, usual with him. Perhaps the extreme difficulty of rendering the *Georgics* into presentable English may be pleaded in excuse; but we confess we should prefer many of his suggestions, happy as they almost invariably are, to be withheld until a boy had hammered out the sense for himself à *coups de dictionnaire*. The introduction gives in a small compass all that boys need know about the poet and the poem. The pages which deal with the literary aspect of the work are admirable both in matter and manner. They should certainly be read and discussed in form between the first and second reading of the text. The comparison between Virgil's and Horace's love of country life is both true and effective. We hope that the present volume is only an instalment, and that Mr. Sidgwick will ere long give us the remaining books of the *Georgics*.

Herr Rzach gives a satisfactory text of *Iliad* I.—XII., with *apparatus criticus* and Wolf's summary of the whole poem.

Mr. Mackie has collected a hundred passages of Greek prose, and has placed opposite to each a piece of English more or less closely resembling it. The idea, of course, is not a new one, but this is, so far as we know, the first attempt to bring such a work within the range of boys in the middle forms of public schools. Such being the case, it is a pity that Mr. Mackie did not confine himself to this attempt, choosing only narrative passages of English, and selecting his Greek parallels from such Attic prose writers as boys are likely to be acquainted with. Instead of this, he has chosen to make the latter half of his book "difficult enough for men reading for classical honours at the University," and even the earlier portion is to a large extent beyond the range of schoolboys. The third passage is from Aristotle's *Politics*. The eighteenth and following contain the story of Rhampsinitus from Herodotus—a model likely to confuse the notions of boys laboriously learning to write Attic prose; and this is immediately preceded by "The triple division of the Soul," from the *Republic*. The book may, however, be useful for sixth form work if the Greek passages are set for first-sight translation, and the English afterwards for Greek prose.

Mr. Aveling has put together in a convenient form the leading facts of Greek syntax. His little book makes no pretence to originality of treatment, but with a little correction it may be found useful. On the first page we find the rather startling statement that the article is omitted "when the noun expresses only an idea in general." Mr. Aveling should have mentioned the Greek author in whom he found "*μὴν ὁ ἄριστος*," which he gives in the same chapter as an equivalent of "my friend." Again, it is surely absurd to say (p. 50) that in "*ἐκτελεῖ τὴν τῶν*" the participle is used as a gerund. No doubt the participle is used in Greek where certain other languages would use the gerund; but this is not quite what Mr. Aveling says. However, the book is for the most part carefully compiled, and it is well arranged and printed.

We have not for some time seen so good a book of exercises as Mr. Cornish's. The rules for the various kinds of dependent sentences are soundly and clearly laid down, and the other exercises themselves, besides affording abundant illustration of the rules, give valuable aid in mastering Greek idiom generally. A careful examination of the book has only revealed to us one slip, occurring in the second sentence on p. 52, where *ἐνείκων* is given for use with the optative mood.

#### CHAPTERS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY.\*

MR. LILLY was already favourably known by his book on *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*. The present work is more systematic and of wider scope, and may be expected to increase his reputation. It consists like the former of articles reprinted, with considerable additions, from the various magazines in which they originally appeared, and does not therefore present exactly the form of a continuous treatise, though it is animated throughout by a definite and consistent purpose, as is explained in the prefatory dedication to the Master of Peterhouse. That purpose is to exhibit the ideas underlying what the author regards as the three great movements of modern European history, Christianity, the Renaissance, and the French Revolution. The first three chapters deal more or less directly with "the Christian Revolution," but the third, on mediæval hymnology—which appears under the strange and puzzling misnomer of "Mediæval Spiritualism"—has only a remote bearing on the main argument. He has next two chapters on the Renaissance and on Michael Angelo as its "prophet," followed by two more on the eighteenth century—as introducing the revolutionary era—and on "the principles of '89." The final chapter, on Balzac, is a very interesting one, but like the third, more indirectly connected with the general subject. It will be seen at once from this bare analysis that the book takes a very wide range, and indeed, as the author himself says, each

chapter might be expanded into a volume. In dealing with such a work, especially within the narrow space at our command here, a reviewer must content himself with briefly noting the salient points of the argument, and must inevitably pass over in silence much which to the educated reader will be full of interest. Speaking roughly we should say that the central view of the work was to illustrate the supreme importance of the Christian Revelation as forming the substratum of the whole fabric of European society and civilization, while the Renaissance marks a growing revolt against the entire Christian conception of life, and the Revolution of '89, with all it logically involved, an absolute repudiation of it. The keynote is struck in the opening chapter; "Christianity, for more than a thousand years, has fashioned the thoughts, the beliefs, the aspirations, of the foremost races of mankind. It has done more than anything has to shape the current of European history, and of the history of the world." And Christianity, as "a plain fact of history," does not mean any "doctrine of sweetness and light, or enthusiasm of humanity," but the faith and devotion which gathered round "the Person of Christ, at once human and divine." This is illustrated as regards the fourth century from the life and writings of St. Augustine, unquestionably one of the first thinkers and theologians of his own or of any age, chiefly from his *Confessions* and his *City of God*, "the magnificent prose poem" which "is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and interdependence, philosophy, history, and theology." But the most interesting chapter in the first volume, and that on which Mr. Lilly appears to have expended the most minute care, is the second, on "The Turning-Point of the Middle Ages," of which Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) is rightly taken as the typical representative and hero:—

In the history of modern Europe, four great events stand out as landmarks upon which the student who desires accurately to explore that great field will do well to fix his earnest attention. The first is the coronation of Charles the Great on Christmas Day in the year 800; the second the election of Hildebrand to the Papal Chair on the 22nd of April, 1073; the third, the fall of Constantinople on the 29th of May, 1453; the fourth, the sacking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789. The bestowal of the Imperial Crown upon the great Frankish monarch by Pope St. Leo III. was the outward visible sign of that new order which had "been made secretly and fashioned beneath in the earth," amid the decay and dissolution of the Roman world: it was the beginning of the Middle Ages. The Pontificate of St. Gregory VII. was the turning-point of those ages, determining, in vitally important matters, the course which they were to run. The taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II. marks their close; it was this event that, by scattering Greek scholars over Italy, contributed more than anything else to the movement ambiguously called the Renaissance, and to all that came therefrom, including the Protestant Reformation, which, in Germany at all events, certainly was, in part, a reaction against the new heathenism of Humanist Popes and prelates. And the passing-bell of the Caesarism which had arisen upon the ruins of the mediæval order is sounded in the presageful words of the Duke of Liancourt, when announcing to Louis XVI. the capture of the royal fortress and the murder of its little garrison: "Sire, it is not a revolt; it is a revolution." Perhaps of all these great events, the second is that the significance of which is least understood. And yet, certainly, it is by no means the least worthy of careful and exact study.

There can be no doubt that the once popular caricature of Hildebrand, which finds expression in the English Book of Homilies as "the brand of Hell," has long since become obsolete. It was the work not so much of Catholic as of Protestant and Rationalist scholars in Germany and France—men like Voigt, Giesebrecht, Mignet, Villemain, and Guizot—to rehabilitate the genius and policy of the great mediæval pontiff, who did more than any other to rescue the Papacy from the contempt and degradation into which it had fallen during the terrible tenth century, and to reconstruct European society in Church and State on a Christian basis. And as regards the point on which he has been perhaps most vehemently assailed—his rigid enforcement of the rule of clerical celibacy, even going to the unprecedented length of making the people the executors of his decrees by forbidding them to accept the ministrations of married priests—we agree with Mr. Lilly that his action was justified by the circumstances of the age. It was a life-and-death matter for the Church, and for the great social and moral principles of which she was then the sole representative and guardian in the world, that the clergy should not be suffered to sink into a feudal caste; and there was no other effectual way of arresting the downward tendency in that direction. But it by no means follows, as Mr. Lilly seems to imply in his strictures on Milman, that a discipline which was necessary for the eleventh century is equally necessary or expedient for the nineteenth, and he must be aware that the apparently irredeemable scandals it has entailed in every age—and not least in our own in some parts both of Europe and America—have again and again suggested to Roman Catholic prelates and synods, as well as to individual observers, a reconsideration of the rule; the question was mooted at every General Council from the first Lateran to Trent. Cassander, a singularly temperate and impartial writer, says of the priests of his own day, *Vix centesimum invenies qui ab omni commercio feminarum abstinuerit*. There is another weighty matter, not theological but historical—for with theological controversy we shall not meddle here—on which we are unable to follow the author without considerable reserve; we mean his view of the development of Papal absolutism. He is indignant with Villemain for saying that the Nicene canons declare the Patriarchs of Rome and Alexandria to be equal in privileges and honour, and quotes the sixth canon of Nice to prove that he is wrong. Certainly the canon does not "declare," but to ordinary apprehension it clearly implies, their equality; and that this was the feeling at Rome about it may be inferred from the unauthorized gloss—for which there is no shred of colourable

\* *Chapters in European History; with an Introductory Dialogue on the Philosophy of History.* By W. S. Lilly. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.



evidence—*Roma primum semper habuit*, being inserted and pertinaciously retained, in spite of the plainest proof of its spuriousness, in the Roman copy of the canons of Nice. And the famous 28th canon of Chalcedon does expressly assign equal privileges to Constantinople or to Rome. True, the Roman Church refused in consequence to receive it, but it was all along maintained and acted upon in the East, while still in full communion with Rome. In the same way Mr. Lilly appears to us wholly to under-rate the practical effect of the pseudo-Isidorian decretals, forged about the middle of the ninth century, which he calls "though false in form, certainly true in substance," and he cites Neander to show that the forger did not mean to introduce a new system but only to stereotype the existing practice. But that is only partially true, and Neander himself goes on at once to observe that the ignorant compiler quite misunderstood the passages he inserted in his collection from ancient fathers; he had already stated that most of the passages were mere fabrications. But, whatever was the immediate object of the forgery—and it was probably rather to screen recalcitrant bishops from the control of their metropolitans, who were close at hand, than to increase the power of the distant Pope, who was not likely so often to interfere—two facts are quite certain, which Mr. Lilly overlooks. In the first place the Isidorian decretals do not stand alone, but are only the last and most important link in a long series of Romanizing forgeries—we are quite aware that they were compiled in France, not Rome—dating from the fifth century at least; secondly, while of course based partly on existing practice—or they could hardly have gained credence even in that uncritical age—they did most vitally strengthen and promote the increasing centralization of Papal bureaucratic autocracy. The forgery was perpetrated less than twenty years before the accession of Nicholas I., who did more than any other Pope before Hildebrand to aggrandize his See, and he found it his most efficient weapon. Before quitting this second chapter, we should like to ask Mr. Lilly's reasons—and we cannot doubt that so careful and candid a writer has his reasons—for saying that Pope John X. was "no saint indeed, but apparently a virtuous man." If so, we must of course reject the statement of Liutprand, which has been generally accepted by later writers, including Baronius, that he was the paramour of the infamous Theodora, who was certainly instrumental in raising him to the Papacy.

The chapter on "Mediæval Spiritualism" was noticed in our columns four years ago, on its original appearance in the *Quarterly Review* under the more appropriate title of "Mediæval Hymnology." We shall merely here express our regret that the author has thought it necessary to reproduce in a more permanent form his gratuitous indictment, to which we then took exception, of "disingenuousness" against the late Dr. Neale, because he failed to perceive that mediæval and Anglican Christianity are "different religions." If it be so, it follows that one of them is not Christianity at all. We wish we had room to follow Mr. Lilly through his searching and instructive criticism of the Renaissance, which he undertakes to show, "whatever it was, was not a new birth unto liberty, either in politics or in literature, in art or in science." By the way, when he speaks of Shakespeare knowing "little Latin and less Greek," and thus having the "role of imitation closed against him," and being unaffected by the Renaissance movement, does he not forget that Shakespeare studied the Italian poets of the Renaissance, whose influence literary and ethical may be clearly traced in the Sonnets? His general description of the Renaissance period is worth putting on record here:—

Great periods of transition are invariably periods of religious dearthness and of dissolution of manners. And in this period the world was passing through a great revolution, spiritual, moral, and political. The middle ages had run their course, and were to give place to a new order. The supernatural principles out of which their greatness and vitality had come had, in large measure, died out, and the social framework was falling to pieces. Religion had imperceptibly lost its hold as the standard of right and wrong universally recognized, even when most widely departed from, and lived on chiefly in that dread of retributive justice which is so ineradicable an instinct of human nature. The deities of the ancient Pantheon once more asserted their empire. Venus and Bacchus, nay, Priapus and Silenus, were worshipped with the truest cult: even in the sermons of the time, the poets and philosophers of Paganism are cited more frequently than apostles and prophets. It was an age of unblushing grossness and unrestrained debauchery. The world had lost the simple rude virtues of earlier centuries and had not learnt the self-restraint, the decorum, the politeness of more modern times. The decadence was just as great in the political order as in the religious.

Mr. Lilly does appear to us to make good his contention, which will perhaps be thought at first sight a paradoxical one, that Michael Angelo was not "the Prophet or Seer of the Renaissance," in the sense intended by Mr. Symonds, and that his spirit is rather that of the great mediæval artists, while his differences from them are only conventional. But for the evidence of this we must refer our readers to the chapter itself.

The eighteenth century, or age of Louis XVI., is handled, first in its political and then in its philosophical aspects, as working out the Renaissance counter-revolution against the Christian order, and here too we are able in the main to go along with the writer. But here, as in his treatment of the mediæval Papacy, his devotion to the centralized Roman bureaucracy seems to have somewhat obscured his estimate of ecclesiastical history, and he might with much advantage have consulted Mr. Jervis's learned and lucid *History of the Church of France*. Gallicanism, as an Erastian and merely political system, may deserve all the ill he says of it, and it unfortunately cannot be cleared of the charge of a persecuting spirit, but on its religious side it rested mainly on an appeal to

the great Council of Constance, far the most really representative Synod assembled since the division of East and West, and through it to the undoubted traditions of the early Church. To speak of the Gallican Articles—which Bossuet had a chief hand in compiling—as "an act of semi-apostasy" is simply extravagant. They assert no principle which the Fathers of the ancient Church would not have regarded as axiomatic, except that the fourth article attributes a much higher doctrinal authority to the Pope than they would have thought of. Mr. Lilly himself regards Bossuet and Pascal as the two greatest minds of their day, "like unto whom there arose none after." But Bossuet was the protagonist of Gallicanism and Pascal the leading mind among the Jansenists. For their "system of disguised fatalism" we have no more admiration than Mr. Lilly, but it must never be forgotten that, in an ethical and spiritual sense, the Jansenists were the very salt of a corrupt and degenerate Church. Nor can we at all follow our author in his unreserved glorification of their fierce and unscrupulous persecutors, the Jesuits, who were also, begging his pardon, at the bottom of the "atrocious" persecution of the Huguenots, which he justly condemns. In the agonized remorse of his death-bed Louis XIV. appealed to his Jesuit confessor, the odious Le Tellier, "I have not sufficient learning to understand these questions; I have simply followed your advice; I have done what you required; if I have done wrong, you are answerable for it before God." The Jesuits were no doubt the powerful and vigilant praetorians of the ultramontane Papacy—which they desired to be under no control except their own—but to say that they were the last champions of liberty in Europe against monarchical encroachment, is surely a marvellous paradox. It would have been strange indeed if a society organized—unlike every other Order in the Church—on the most rigid system of military absolutism had proved the special guardian of liberty. In fact, as long as the monarchical régime survived, they made the fullest use of it for their own ends, and by habitually using the confessional—as in a different way they used the professor's chair—as an *instrumentum damnationis*, they managed for a time "to shape the whispers" of every despotic throne in Europe. They virtually ruled the French Church during Louis XIV.'s reign, through the King and the King's mistresses, and had the appointment to all the French Sees in their hands. And so far from acting as a check on his "Caesarism," they took a strongly Gallican line—partly owing to their bitter hostility to the saintly Innocent XI., who favoured the Port Royalists—and Jesuits even had a hand in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties. In 1762 they offered to teach the Four Articles if suffered to remain in France. We cannot follow Mr. Lilly into his account of their suppression by Clement XIV.; but we differ widely from his view both of its grounds and its result. Such works as Huber's *Jesuiten-Orden* or Mr. Cartwright's *Jesuits* may not be impartial or altogether trustworthy, but they represent one side of the truth about the Jesuits—and an important one—which Mr. Lilly entirely ignores.

We must leave our readers to study for themselves the very suggestive chapters on "The Principles of '89"—which includes a searching criticism of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man"—and on "The Age of Balzac." There is surely some error or misprint—probably the latter—at p. 198, where we are told that "at Athens those who possessed the franchise always greatly outnumbered the slaves and strangers who possessed it not." The contrary is notoriously the case. Whether or no we are to accept the questionable statement quoted by Athenæus that in 309 B.C. there were 21,000 free citizens in Attica to 400,000 slaves, there can at all events be no doubt that the excess of the slave population was very considerable. Böckh puts it at 4 to 1, Clinton at over 3 to 1, as compared with the free citizens. And there was the same sort of numerical disparity in all the Greek States of antiquity. And we suspect this must be what Mr. Lilly intended to say, for the fact confirms his perfectly correct view of the essential distinction between all ancient and modern democracies, which makes any inference from the one to the other at best very precarious. Here we are compelled to bring our notice of a really valuable and interesting work to a close. It was necessary to draw attention to some points of considerable importance on which we are unable to agree with Mr. Lilly, but it is right to add that, important as they are in themselves, they do not materially affect the general drift of his argument, which would indeed, to our mind, have all the more weight if it were not handicapped with these adventitious excrescences. Of the work as a whole we can speak in terms of high praise, for its copious learning and wealth of varied illustration, its graphic style, and its luminous handling of a great theme.

#### MINOR VERSE.

IT is hardly possible to approach the pile of books before us in a serious spirit. We are diverted by some, annoyed by others, moved to pity by a few, but when it comes to criticism, "words fail." Verses which might have passed muster in the ancient days before photograph-books and birthday-albums, are now published in volumes alone. Written neatly on an embossed cardboard page, with a very purple violet and a very yellow primrose, they were "very clever," or "very sweet," as the writer's sex might demand. But printed on hand-made paper, in old-faced type, with peacock-cloth bindings, they at once provoke and disarm criticism. The harmless love-songs of the innocent and cultured undergraduate, the pious hymning of the rustic parson,

are beyond, if not above or below, the notice of the fault-finder. The bilious reviewer might employ his dyspeptic leisure in writing verses in the German-English manner of Herr Ludorff, with such words as "clothes" or "mayor" as dissyllables; or he might put "arguments" at the top of all the poems before him in the manner of Mr. Hailstone, M.A. But such pleasures, keen for a moment, would pall when it came to spreading them out thin over the works of more than a score of different poets, especially if the eighteen volumes of Mrs. Horace Dobell's *Watches of the Night* (Remington) should be included.

It is pleasant to meet with a little poetry anywhere; but when a little poetry intrudes itself among many volumes made up of spoilt prose and genuine doggerel, it receives, perhaps, greater praise than it quite deserves. Mr. George Francis Armstrong, in his *Stories of Wicklow* (Longmans), is not a great poet; but by way of contrast his little book is very welcome. He has considerable facility, is always musical, intelligible, and easy to read. As an antidote, lest too much smoothness should cloy the palate, let us quote a sentence from *Hope's Gospel* (Unwin):—"Hide, then fly on high, when high, the boat doth float, and brushes through brown rushes' serried rows, when the wind blows." By design or accident, at every two or three words there is a new line, and so prose becomes poetry, as in a famous negro melody. It is almost refreshing after this to be suddenly introduced to a prophet whose "weary tongue is blistered with incantation." We find him in Mr. Charles Mair's *Tecumseh* (Chapman & Hall), together with "a poet-artist, enamoured of Indian life," and of a young person who has a gliding snake in her heart. Her name, Iena, suggests laughter and ferocity; and her uncle, who sustains the title-role of the drama, is surrounded by Kickapoo chiefs and Josakeeds. What wonder that in such a work we meet with lines from the blistered tongue of the prophet which seem to recall another personage:—

All our followers  
Behold in me a greater than yourself,  
And worship me, and venture where I lead.

To which Iena's uncle answers, in words which even to quote a few months ago would have been rank blasphemy:—

Your fancy is the common slip of fools  
Who count the lesser greater, being near.

We like Mr. Mair's *Tecumseh*.

*Chimes from a Poet's Belfry* (Elliot Stock) is dedicated to the memory of the late Prince Leopold. In other respects it is commonplace twaddle. *Random Rhymes* (Griffith & Farran) are in the style of Longfellow. The political opinions of the rhymist may be gathered from a single verse in the mediæval Latin "Epi-gramma" on p. 205:—

Os multa potens eloqui  
Quid novi non hortatur?  
Si populus vult decipi  
Certe decipiatur!

A second series of *Poems* by Harriett Stockall (Simpkin & Marshall) will be welcomed by those readers who know and like the former volume. There is also a true poetic ring in *Galeazzo, a Venetian Episode*, by Percy E. Pinkerton (Sonnenschein), a pretty little volume, printed at Venice. Another volume printed abroad is *Lyrics*, by Richard Watson Gilder (New York: Scribner), but the poetry constantly disappoints the reader, who sees some quaint fancy, some new form of an old thought which promises to develop into a fine or a fanciful poem, but nearly always the promise is unfulfilled. This is either because Mr. Gilder writes too quickly, or else because he lacks enough of the critical faculty to show him where his work is good and worth improving into better, and where it is not worth printing, as is often the case. It is nearly the same with *Dulce Cor*, being the *Poems of Ford Bereton* (Kegan Paul). Mr. John A. Goodchild had so many pretty things said to him about the first series of his *Somnia Medici* (Kegan Paul), published, as he tells us, to give pleasure to a circle of friends, that he is emboldened to dedicate the present volume to his critics. As he has been assured that he is a real poet, it might have been wiser to rest content on his laurels. *Babylon Bound*—can we refrain from wishing it had been left unbound?—is by Mr. Stanley Weall, B.A. (Elliott Stock), author of *Sturm und Drang*, and is a "morality"; yet before we have read ten lines we find "kickshaws" as a rhyme to "fixures," and this too in a kind of parody on Psalm cxxxvii. We must honestly confess that we cannot read Mr. F. H. A. Seymour's *Rienzi: a Play in Five Acts* (Kegan Paul), in prose, cut into lines thus:—

Such charge being openly brought before  
Us in full council, must with strictest forms  
Of justice here be examined.

*Brutus Ullor*, by Michael Field (Bell), is also an historical play, and *Bruce*, by John Davidson (Wilson & McCormick), is another. The binding of the last is very pretty.

*Procris, and other Poems*, by W. G. Hole (Kegan Paul), are decidedly musical. The best is "The Wandering Jew," which shows power, and Mr. Hole, as a poet ought, has almost persuaded himself of the truth of the legend. We gladly notice with praise another little volume, *The Romance of Love*, by W. H. Jewitt (Elliott Stock). It contains some pretty woodcuts drawn by the author, whose verse may be judged from this dedicatory sonnet:—

Oh! loved of years, who when the clouds of gold  
Flecked morning skies, a little maid dark-eyed  
I knew 'mid springtide flowers; who by my side  
To womanhood did as a rose unfold  
In summer bloom; in whose fond ear was told

Love's first faint whispered tale; oh! true and tried  
Of youth and manhood, maiden love and bride,  
The wife and mother, whom in joy to hold  
Wakes love's first bliss again by years scarce dulled,  
And round me memories of past days throng  
(As lavender in some old garden pulled  
Will in its scent fair former days prolong):  
To thee I dedicate this garland culled  
By unskilled hand from old time flowers of song.

The new edition of Longfellow's *Popular Poems* is prepared for Messrs. Routledge's World Library by Mr. Haweis, who supplies an introduction, in which he expresses the opinions of the poet's admirers very felicitously thus:—

They are suffused with pathos, but never sentimental. They are forcible without exaggeration and sweet without insipidity. They condense into a few lines of incomparable directness the gentle pieties of a thousand homes, and give just that "lift" to the commonest incidents of life which redeems them from triviality by irradiating them with the glow of love and duty.

We have received *Harrow Songs*, by E. Bowen (Longmans), and *The Model*, by Cotsford Dick (Elliot Stock), both collections of verses originally contributed to periodicals. The third edition of Mr. George Newman's *Wayside Lyrics* (Gravesend: T. Hall); a new edition of Mr. John Watkins Pitchford's *Morning Song, a Ninefold Praise of Love* (Elliot Stock); and the eighth volume of the *Avon Shakespeare* are also before us.

A very charming volume is made of *Selections from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins*, by F. Percy Cotton, of which a very limited edition is published by Messrs. Bentley & Son. Many of the best poems were discovered in magazines and newspapers, and the series of fragments which Collins used to quote from an imaginary "Comedy of Dreams," and place at the head of chapters in his novels, are carefully collected and arranged. They are full of real and delicate humour.

The late Herbert Grant's *Odes of Horace* (Harrison) are brought out in a handsome volume, and may fitly be placed at the head of the list of the translations which we have received. Mr. Toynbee has attempted a selection from the *Songs of Béranger*, in *English Verse* (Kegan Paul). The difference between Béranger and Béranger translated is the same as that between strawberries and strawberry jam. It is better to help people to read the originals, as in the series of Annotated German Classics, of which some of Goethe's *Poems*, with explanatory notes by Mr. Sonnenschein and Herr Pogatscher (Swan Sonnenschein), have been issued. We have received *Sorathi*, Von Holzhausen's epic poem in twelve cantos (Leipzig: Brauns), and *Home, Sweet Home*, Gedichte von Franz Lange (Dresden: Minden). Finally, in winding up a notice of some of the most depressing literature we have lately had to review, let us call the attention of would-be poets to Dr. Gummere's *Handbook of Poetics* (Boston: Ginn & Co.), intended to initiate students into the mysteries of "the science of poetry." Some of us, then, amid all the trials of these hard times, have lived to hear poetry described as a science.

#### FIVE NOVELS.\*

MR. A. P. SINNETT started with two extravagantly foolish treatises upon Esoteric Buddhism. Then he timidly introduced the element of common romance in the absurd story called *Karma*. Now he has raised the veil a little further. In *United* the story is more and the hocus-pocus less, and much less elaborate, than has hitherto been the case. But it must not be imagined that the veil is raised altogether. It is going, but not gone. Progressing at his present rate, Mr. Sinnett may be expected to have worked himself free of his particular foolishness in about four books from now. Then the occult nonsense will have disappeared altogether, and its patron will stand confessed as a straightforward, decent, third-rate novelist.

The heroine of *United* is a stalwart damsel—at least we take that to be the meaning of the statement that "her magnificent figure" had "opulent curves"—called Terra Fildare. She is rather pleasant, and commands the sympathy of the reader by falling violently in love with a red-aura'd Spaniard of high degree, who, though he is not very often brought before us personally, is decidedly more of a man than any of his fellows. The only drawback to the marriage is that the Count (the Spaniard is a Count) is married already, having espoused in his wild young days an unsatisfactory lady whom, on second thoughts, he established in a poor but honest way of business at Seville. A jealous (and inferior) rival of the Count's ferrets the Countess out just in time to stop the marriage, and after a due interval obtains Terra's hand for himself. That is the story; but it is overloaded with a considerable mass of miracle-mongering of the accustomed kind. For among the meddlesome people who manage to save Terra from the unprincipled Count are two

\* *United*. A Novel. By A. P. Sinnett, Author of "Karma," "Esoteric Buddhism," "The Occult World," &c. London: George Redway. 1886.

*Monkraven: the Story of his Betrayal*. By Aramis. London: Wyman & Sons. 1886.

*Two Pinches of Snuff*. By William Westall, Author of "The Old Factory," "Red Kyvington," &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

*A Drama in Muslin*. A Realistic Novel. By George Moore, Author of "A Modern Lover" &c. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

*Tivoli*. By E. M. Lauderdale. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1886.



women, the middle-aged Mrs. Malcolm and the youthful Edith Kinseyle. Mrs. Malcolm pursues occult wisdom more or less under the spiritual direction of a blighted prig called Marston. He was blighted early in life by his father being hanged for murder, which, according to his son's account of the crime, he richly deserved. Mrs. Malcolm has a Guardian Spirit of great beauty and attractive manners, with whom she is accustomed to "commune" upon various unearthly planes of existence. This Guardian one day indicates to Mrs. Malcolm that she had better make the acquaintance of Edith Kinseyle. Mrs. Malcolm obeys, with considerable difficulty, because, as she tells Edith when they meet, "my Guardian never gave me your name and address as a living person would—or rather as a person living in the flesh would have done," so that she had nothing to guide her except that she knew she was to look for a young woman living "at a place called Kinsale Court [it was Kinseyle really, and she did not live there, but next door], probably situated in the British Islands." In order to enable the reader to appreciate the inhuman stupidity of the Guardian in not being able to be more precise, it may be stated here that when the ladies met they found that Mrs. Malcolm's Guardian was Edith's Guardian too, and not only so, but further experience at last proved beyond dispute that the common Guardian of Mrs. Malcolm and Edith was no other than Edith herself, at least it was her Higher Self. All this, however, the ladies discovered only gradually, by the help of Marston the prig, who had devoted his blighted energies to the acquirement of considerable skill as a mesmerist. He used to mesmerize Edith, and send her into trances, in which she "communed" with her Higher Self, and had, as she asserted on her return to this contemptible plane of existence, an incomparably high old time. For this the reader has to take Edith's, or Mr. Sinnett's, word; for, unless he happens to be a fifth-rounder, he may probably think that flopping about a strange plane in company with your Higher Self does not impress the mind as being a particularly elevating, or even ecstatic, amusement. By dint of it, however, Edith became so expert that she did not need to be mesmerized, but could go off whenever she liked, and after that she rarely condescended to sit in her bones. One consequence was that she was attacked by lung disease, and was about to die, when the blighted prig, who had fallen very much in love with her, "gathered her slight form in his arms, and kissed her wildly again and again." During and after this proceeding he transfused his life into her, by a process akin to mesmerism, just keeping for himself enough to stumble to his carriage, in which he incontinently died, thus emulating by suicide the crime of his lamented parent. Edith ought to have gone on living with Marston's life; but somehow it took a wrong turn, and instead of going to her lungs, as he had intended, only made her rather more expert in changing into her Higher Self. Of this power she made a bad use; for, finding that when she was her Higher Self she was a good deal mixed up with the Higher Self of the suicided prig, and that when she was her ordinary self she was engaged to be married to a worthy colonel who was extremely fond of her, she one day put herself into a trance, and declined to come out of it. Her Higher Self—*alias* Mrs. Malcolm's Guardian—came and lectured Mrs. Malcolm about her own corpse, which, in presumable ignorance of the American language, she described as "the casket," and promised to go on haunting her just as she had before becoming *felo de se*, only oftener. She is described on this occasion as appearing "in snowy drapery . . . with bare arms and feet." There is one thing we should like to ask, if it is not irreverent. If a Higher Self wants (and can procure) snowy drapery, why should it not wear sleeves and stockings as well?

Monks and ravens have been for the last century among the accepted emblems in fiction of mysterious gloom. Therefore the ludicrous title adopted by "Aramis" for what we should judge to be his first novel can hardly fail to suggest a burlesque of *The Castle of Otranto*, crammed with moats, dungeons, corridors, and sliding panels, habited entirely in masks and ample black cloaks, ringing with Ha's, Ho's, frightful curses, and mysterious groans, and brimming with gore. However, *Monkraven: the Story of his Betrayal* is nothing of this sort. The first volume is almost entirely taken up with a tediously minute description of life at the Royal Military Academy. A great deal of local slang—probably quite correct—is talked, and elaborately explained by "Aramis"; and long disquisitions, conceived in the heavy style of puerile sarcasm, are devoted to the denunciation of the food supplied to the cadets. It cannot be so bad as what they supply to themselves, if it is true that they sometimes drink "a gruesome concoction of whisky and lemonade." The only manner in which the story is in this volume propelled any forward is by taking some of the young gentlemen, with or without leave, to London, where they get into bad company, and in particular make the acquaintance of a disreputable actress of burlesque, who reappears as a *dea ex machina* in the third volume. Godfrey Monkraven, the hero, who succeeds his father in a baronetcy at the beginning of vol. ii., forms a David-and-Jonathan friendship with a well-meaning but unprincipled youth called Olive Lovel, whom, while they are yet at Woolwich, he prevents from marrying the aforesaid actress, Lottie Vance. For this service, though he resents it at the moment, Olive vows eternal gratitude. Five years later the principal characters meet at a French watering-place, of which an over-coloured, if lively, description is given. Here Monkraven falls desperately in love with a pretty, but silly, as well as childish, sister of a friend. Having married her, he is

called away on duty from his honeymoon before his baronetial halls are ready to receive them. So he takes his wife back to the watering-place, and leaves her with her mother. Thither comes the faithless Olive, and after a week or two seduces his friend's wife, and flies with her to Frankfurt. Monkraven goes in pursuit, punches Olive's head, and arranges to fight him; but the duel is prevented by Lottie Vance, who has developed into a wealthy dowager countess. Behaving, in our judgment, like a cur, Monkraven foregoes his revenge, and the guilty couple, who, though very miserable, never conceal from themselves that on the whole they do not in the least repent their offence, get married as soon as he has obtained a divorce. The writer of this cheerful story has a good deal to learn. Various natives of Brittany are mentioned as "the Brétagne." A "steersman's heart" is described as "oblivious to the awful storms and rocks which lie concealed beneath the placid surface." The whole book is written in the much-abused historic present, which becomes intolerably wearisome. And the grammar used by the hero in the sentence "The Christians are the only sect which attempt to force their religion on other people" is only less defective than the historical information displayed. Did "Aramis" never hear of one Mahomet, whom purists call Mohammed?

*Two Pinches of Snuff* is a novel for beginners. To the experienced reader the plot would be as clear as daylight from a very early period, even without the bald methods by which his attention is called to the salient points. "It was not the last time by a good many that Hector Verelst wondered who that fellow could be." "If he had suspected what an important part this man was destined to play in the events which," &c., are only specimens of a perpetually recurring nuisance. The story shows how a bibliophile found the means of gratifying his absorbing passion by committing one forgery, and one robbery complicated with murder. Each time he gives his victim a pinch of snuff mixed with pepper, out of a peculiar box. Each time it is quite unnecessary, as in the first instance the forged cheque had been safely cashed before the clerk who paid it took the snuff, and in the second the banker who had opened his safe might have been knocked on the head quite as easily when he was not sneezing as when he was. There is a very subordinate love story, of which it is enough to say that the young man, having deeply loved a female Nihilist who had died in Siberia, eventually said to his commercially suitable but otherwise unattractive bride, "though I cannot offer you my first love, I can truly say that you are very dear to me, and becoming dearer every day." It was little enough to say, in all conscience, but it satisfied the lady.

Once upon a time there were two sisters called Alice and Olive Barton. Their father was an abject artist and their mother was an affected woman who carried on a perennial and very dull flirtation with an elderly earl. Olive, the younger sister, was beautiful, and flirted a great deal with handsome Captain Hibbert. Then she wanted to marry a foolish marquis, but the marquis married somebody else, which annoyed her very much. So she made up her mind to elope with Captain Hibbert, but on her way to the trysting place she met a bold bad woman who knocked her down for presuming to share the Captain's affections. She sprained her ankle, and Captain Hibbert went to India, and she didn't marry anybody. Contrasted with her lot is that of her virtuous sister Alice. She was snubbed by her family for incompatibility of temper, and for inability to attract a rich husband. So she became a writer of stories and articles, and took advantage of Olive's sprained ankle to marry an uninteresting country doctor who came to cure it. She did not much care for him, or he for her, and they consequently lived comfortably enough in a villa at Notting Hill. The portentous length at which Mr. George Moore relates this exciting story—which he calls *A Drama in Muslin*—and the plentiful lack of interest with which he invests his self-imposed task, are in no way alleviated by the second-hand pseudo-philosophy, or by the frequent passages of excessive coarseness, wherewith he embellishes the work. Among other minor characters there is a mad cripple, daughter of Mrs. Barton's earl, who delivers herself for pages together of ravings touching the institution of marriage, which would be thoroughly disgusting if she knew what she was talking about, and are in any case unbecoming in the mouth of a young lady. The use of the masculine gender in the foregoing mention of "George Moore" must be taken to be without prejudice to the question of who or what "George Moore" may be. The part of the story which is not preaching consists almost entirely of accounts of the thoughts and feelings of young women and their conversation when no men are present. It is by no means uncomplimentary to "George Moore" to suggest that perhaps he is not a man.

Having conscientiously perused *Tivoli*, we recommend E. M. Lauderdale to turn his or her hand to something else. Such want of the most elementary skill in fiction is seldom met with. Neither the story nor any one in it is in the least interesting or attractive. Incidents lead to nothing, and incidents occur without being led to in unexampled profusion. It is all about one Gordon St. George, who is addressed as "St. George" by all ladies in love with him and otherwise, and who in return addresses his betrothed of some weeks' standing as "Miss Valerie." He is, in fact, a long-lost earl. There is one ludicrous scene where his cousin, the daughter of the earl in possession, tries to murder him. Immediately after the attempt she says, "*Mon Dieu!* will he, like a puling babe, cry for help?" She rarely speaks without calling somebody "puling," and never without saying "*Mon Dieu!*" Eventually the young man recovers his own. E. M.

Lauderdale continually speaks of "a confident," meaning a confidant, and invariably says "lay" for lie. The effect of this vulgarism when a gentleman's "stiffening form still lays prone where it fell across the writing-table" is one of the happiest things in the book. E. M. Lauderdale's English is bad. "It can be well be imagined his satisfaction at," &c., "Everything was going on charming," and "She might sit next him, or listen to her splendid voice at the piano," are fair specimens taken nearly at random. St. George was a poor creature. "There was no one thing he was fitted for but to become a soldier, and he often felt himself deficient in natural courage even for that." Yet, so capriciously are the gifts of Providence distributed, this unworthy peer possessed a very remarkable horse. It once "leaped the stream at a trot." Unhappily its pedigree is not given; but its name was Jerry.

#### BIANCA CAPELLO.\*

AT the pleasant, though diminutive, capital of Lucca, in a saloon of what was once the *Palazzo*, but now, in deference to the needs of the nineteenth century, is become the *Municipio*, may be seen a beautiful specimen of Bronzino's art in the portrait of Bianca Capello. There is assuredly some wondrous fascination about this woman, who was so greatly loved by those she loved, so inordinately hated by the Florentine people, on whom apparently she brought no great woes, who was so very beautiful, and whose life was one long romance which closed in sudden death. Bronzino's picture does her justice—it is a fine specimen of the late sixteenth-century art; a remarkable portrait with eyes that follow, so that there seems life yet in the fair woman whose beauty is a pleasure to the beholder after the lapse of nigh three hundred years. Thus, Mr. Cartwright had a grand subject for his tragedy, though the word tragedy, until the last scene of the last act, is hardly applicable to the course of Bianca's own career; those, however, who came beneath her spell found their lives tragic enough, and robbed of joy, and yet, despite their misery, blessed rather than cursed the cause of the blight. The whole story of her life is the subject of the play. Bianca is the daughter of Bartolommeo Capello, Senator of Venice, who becomes ruined by the miscarriage of his ventures and by the embargo on his ships, through having been secretly denounced to the Council of Ten, yet he finds that his daughter is sought in marriage by Contarini:—

The greatest, wealthiest nobleman in Venice,  
Whose services are rumoured far abroad,  
The nephew of the Doge, but, more than all,  
One of the ruling Council of the Ten.

Contarini, though loving Bianca truly and tenderly, is past his youth, and the girl will none of him, and refuses to be dazzled either by his high descent or by his wealth. To her father and kinsmen, who urge the necessities of the case and the imperilled honour of the family, she answers in scorn:—

*Dia.* Talk not to me of honour; I have none.  
You would sell me, soul and body, to this man,  
And yet you talk of honour! Oh! that I  
Were born in lower station, and had not  
Around me all this mockery of wealth.

*A. Gri.* Speak not so wildly, girl. We love thee, Bianca.

*Bia.* You talk of love, my kinsmen. God forgive you.  
You love yourselves; you have no love for me.

*B. Cap.* Peace, Bianca, peace, the Contarini comes.

And, finally, to avoid the increasing importunity of her relatives, and to rid herself of Contarini's suit, Bianca yields to the solicitations of her lover, the ballad-singer, Bonaventuri, and flees her father's house. Contarini, all unwittingly, listens to the gondolier's song, their epithalamium:—

I still can hear the last faint splash of oars.  
Night-time doth cast a weird charm o'er sounds  
Borne o'er the waters that we seem to be  
By pensive thoughts assailed. All now is still.  
Oh! glorious song! What agony of love!

Five years pass, pursuit has been baffled, and Bianca and Bonaventuri are living in obscurity at Florence, he obtaining the means of a precarious existence by ballad-singing at banquets in the houses of the nobles, she become rather weary of his love, and, left alone, finding the time hang heavy. She is seen and loved by Francesco, Duke of Florence, who learns her story. Bonaventuri returning finds her gone, discovers her in the aisles of Santa Croce waiting for her high-born lover, and learns the truth from her own lips:—

Out on thee, Bianca, thou hast murdered me!  
What woman pure if thou dost prove so false?  
Thou wast mine idol, and I worshipped thee;  
My life was bound in thine—all have I lost.  
Life seems too barren to me—all hope gone!  
I feel as would a mariner who knows  
The perilous rocks are nigh and sudden sees  
An envious cloud hide up his sailing star.  
Heavy as lead my heart. Oh, God! that I  
Could like a plummet seize it; cast it forth  
Into mid-ocean—feel it sinking down  
Beyond the realms of life, no stay opposed,  
Till on the confines of eternity  
All recollection ceases! . . .

The Duke appears, and a scuffle ensues, in the course of which Bonaventuri receives a mortal stab from an attendant:—

*P. Bona.* Some villain here has stabbed me in the back!  
'Tis over with me, Bianca! Oh, my sweet!  
Thou art the cause of this; the choking grip  
Of death is on my throat—yet I would speak.  
Bianca, I will not curse thee for this deed;  
Thy love hath gilded all my life, and thou  
Hast taught me chastening sorrow, mixed it with  
Foretaste of joys that angels only know  
In heaven above, towards which mine eyes are cast.  
I feel the icy breath of death go by,  
Filling my sails—quick—Bianca—quick, thy lips;  
There is no pain thou canst not kiss away.  
. . . . My course is swift,  
The borderland is reached, farewell white rose!  
I feel the dew upon thy face—the touch  
Of earthly things is passing, and I go  
Towards the peace and silence no man knows.

After Bonaventuri's death, times are changed, and ambition has taken the place in Bianca's heart of that early love bred of "the imagination hot with youth." As a woman now—and she is speaking of herself—she is one

whose passions have been dulled;  
She feels herself drawn towards the man who holds  
The gifts of power and wealth, or gives her mind  
The intellectual food for which it craves.

She becomes Duchess of Florence, and learns "to rule o'er men." On her marriage with the Duke the Senate of Venice decrees her Daughter of St. Mark, giving her rank equal to king's daughter; and her old suitor Contarini appears before her as the Ambassador of the Republic. He still loves her, madly and hopelessly. Our last quotation must be from his confession:—

*Cont.* Look on me, Bianca; Time has left its mark  
Deeper upon me than to mine years is due.  
Thy flight from Venice broke the hopes which I  
Had nurtured for so long; thou canst not know  
All that I felt that moment. Years have passed,  
But that one moment of my life outshines  
So far all others that they seem to me  
But dreamy recollections. . . .  
Madness so seized upon me, that I felt  
There was no solace for me but revenge.  
Bianca, revenge on thee and on all those  
Who were to thee allied. I felt my life  
Tremble beneath the tempest, and my nerves  
Stretch like the cordage of the craft that flies  
Before the gale at sea. . . .  
When calm returned the many years had passed;  
But 'twas the calm that comes when death is nigh—  
The spirit dead, though yet the body lives.  
Oh, Bianca! like a meteor thou hast passed;  
And those who gaze upon thee feel a cure—  
Stabbing their lives. Along thy path are strewn  
Wreckage of broken hopes, and ruined lives,  
And unfulfilled desires thou hast raised.

If we mistake not, Mr. Cartwright has written other plays before this, and there is good enough stuff in this to make us hope that it may not be his last. His characters live; and Bianca especially, in her varying moods, is portrayed delicately and yet with a vigour of delineation that suffices to make one understand her ways. Nervous pure English, untainted by foreign expressions and borrowed phrases, is rare nowadays. Mr. Cartwright's versification, too, is for the most part harmonious, as may be judged in the specimens we have cited; and, if occasionally a word jars, the fault is the more striking for its rare occurrence. For example,

I will strike,  
Tumble my brother, seize the ducal throne,

is not quite fitting in a serious passage; and every now and again there are lines which do not scan satisfactorily to our ear; or maybe it is a halting rhythm, thus:—

First write to the Duke; thank him for his offer;

and, again:—

No moving thing to be seen, save now and then  
A butterfly that skips; no noise to be heard—

are lines that have a distressing rattle. These, however, are but occasional blemishes, which a little further polishing would remove. Another point to which it would have been well had more attention been paid is this—that we find the climax concluding the successive acts brought on far too abruptly; we seem almost to hear the creaking of the machine from whence the god descends, and the noise disturbs the even tenor of the scene, which otherwise is full of harmony and grace.

#### ANDERSON'S PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN.\*

THE second part of *The Pictorial Arts of Japan* is worthy in all respects of the first. The text is equally learned and judicious; the special knowledge, which gives the work a place of its own in the literature of the subject, is displayed with equal lavishness; the illustrations—in wood engraving, *photogravure*, and chromo-lithography—are equally representative and equally well produced. There is every reason, indeed, to believe that, as we anticipated, Mr. Anderson's work has but to be completed to take rank as the best book on Japanese art that has yet appeared,

\* *Bianca Capello: a Tragedy.* By Fairfax L. Cartwright. Third Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1886.

\* *The Pictorial Arts of Japan.* By William Anderson. Part II. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.



and to hold that rank until the various expressions of the artistic genius of Japan during the several periods of her æsthetic history have been studied specially and the course of her development is plain to us as that of Italy and France themselves.

The first and greater part of the text is historical; in the second we have the opening chapters of the author's second section, on the several applications of pictorial art to the necessities of Japanese life and the exigencies of Japanese taste. The latter it will be more convenient to consider later on. In the present article, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to the discussion of so much of the history of Japanese painting and design as was left untold in Mr. Anderson's first instalment. In that, it will be remembered, the tale was brought down to the time of the Katsugawas, the illustrators of the Japanese theatre, the chiefs of that great and flourishing school of chromoxylography which is one of the best known and most interesting expressions of the Japanese genius, and in a certain sense the founders of the Ukiyō-Ye Rîû, the Artisan or Popular School of Art. In the present instalment of his work Mr. Anderson drops for a moment the thread of his narrative to summarize the story of the development of the arts that are allied to those of painting and design—as ceramics, lacquer, metal-work, embroidery, and so forth—and in this connexion gives us a special chapter on the "Cha-no-yu," the practice of ceremonial tea-drinking, which had so great an influence, for good and ill alike, on the development of Japanese ceramics as to be worth talking about in this place. This institution, founded by the priest Murata Shiûko, under the rule of the Shôgun Yoshimasa, and developed to its highest point by the "Sage of the Cha-no-yu," Sen-no-Rikiu, at once the Caylus and the Ruskin of his time and race, under the auspices of the usurper Hidéyoshi, was in intention purely social and ceremonial. In the composition of a tea-club there were, said Rikiu, four essentials—"friendship, mutual respect, purity, and the observance of the polite formula" framed by the sage Shiûko. Another object—in rebuke of the luxury of the period—was economy; and hence, as we are told by Mr. Anderson, "a studied simplicity reigned supreme in the assemblages of the *Chajin*," or tea-men. It was prescribed that the tea-room should have an area of not more than four and a half mats, or nine feet square, and should be decorated with mere plaster and wood; that the utensils, however costly, should be plain as you please, and the plainer the better; that the food should be of the simplest, and that, all servants being rigorously excluded, the president of the club should cook for his companions, whose number was limited to five or six, who came—whatever their station—most soberly attired, and among whom "all social distinctions for the time were levelled," so that "he ranked foremost who showed the most profound acquaintance with the necessary ceremonial observances and favourite subjects of discussion." As the tea-men were all of them intelligent and learned, and as—unless they talked politics and conspiracies—they discussed only the nicest questions of art and morals and philosophy, it came to pass that they acquired immense authority as "critics and connoisseurs, whose dicta consecrated or condemned the labours of artist or author, and established canons of taste to which all works, to be successful in their generation, must conform." The results of this were curious. Hidéyoshi, like his predecessor Yoshimasa, was a collector of the noblest type. His adviser was none other than Rikiu, the Sage of the Cha-no-yu, who, having to catalogue and appraise the rarities in his patron's collection, with the very natural desire of making the most of everything, entirely ruined that principle of economy which was the basis of the Cha-no-yu by "conferring upon antique trifles of every kind" a value nothing less than fantastic. The craze was then for ceramics; and, as Rikiu was all for early work, and made light of novelty, it became the mode to practise the art, and to practise it on those models—Chinese, Korean, early Japanese—which Rikiu had stamped with his approval. Under Hidéyoshi, in fact, society potted to a man, as under Mme. de Pompadour it produced bad etchings and went in for private theatricals. Distinguished amateurs built kilns of their own, and made pots and cups with indefatigable constancy, and Hidéyoshi's generals could bring him no better booty than a batch of cunning artificers from Korea. In a certain sense the enthusiasm then generated and developed was beneficent enough; it set men thinking, it helped on the invention of new processes and stimulated the evolution of new ideals, it was immediately responsible for many technical improvements and a great advance in the education of hand and eye. But, for all that, the influence of the Cha-no-yu was in another sense unfortunate. The leaders of the tea-clubs were all intelligent and lettered; but what Mr. Anderson calls "their wearisome adulation" of the older masters was a bad thing for Japanese ceramics. It caused, says our author, "the best efforts of the best potters to be wasted in imitation of the works of past ages, and repressed those very powers of invention that had enabled the old masters to provide posterity with standards of beauty." In other words, it was demonstrated that the operation of fashion in art is the same all the world over—in Kioto and Tokio as in Florence and London. It is good to have a convention, but only when its interpretation is large and liberal enough to give free play to the workings of individual genius.

As regards pictorial art, the period which is treated in the remaining chapters of Mr. Anderson's history is the fourth and last, which extends from the last quarter of the eighteenth century to the present time. It is not more than a hundred years old; but

it has witnessed—as in the work of Tôun the sculptor and the painters Hokusai, Hiroshigé, Yôsai, and Sosen—the evolution of some of the most characteristic expressions of the Japanese genius, and it is hardly too much to say that to the Western mind it represents—or has till lately represented—the whole pictorial art of Japan. The schools of which Mr. Anderson has to treat are four in number—the Shijô, the Naturalistic; the Popu'ar; the Gankû; and the so-called "Western," in whose manifestations (which, by the way, are not nearly so numerous or important as is generally supposed) there is not much of Japan that is respectable, and still less of Europe that is other than absurd. The first of these—the Shijô school—takes its name from the street in which the founder, Maruyama Ôkio, set up his first academy. Its influence upon the later developments of Japanese painting has been immense. Ôkio—whose best work was produced between 1772 and 1789—lacked, as Mr. Anderson is careful to remark, "the full courage of his convictions"; but among his pupils were some of the most honourable names—Ôzui, Ôjin, Rosetsu, Genkei, Gekkei, Keibun, Sosen, Tessen, Yôsai—in Japanese art. Of the Ukiyō-yé, or Popular school, on which, as it appears to us, the Shijô men must of necessity have exerted a certain influence, it is enough to say that its principal representative is the Japanese Daumier, the incomparable Hokusai. This great artist was born in 1760; drew from his earliest childhood; was forty years old before he had made any sort of reputation; and immediately before his death in 1848 was drawing almost as well as ever. In dealing with him Mr. Anderson is at his best. He is as fully alive as any one to his admirable qualities; but he is eager to note that Hokusai is but Hokusai, and that it is absurd to accept the *Mang-wa* and the *Fuyaku Hiak'kei* as representatives of anything but a particular manifestation of the Japanese mind and a special product of a certain development of the Japanese ideal. Here he is at war—and very usefully and well at war—with MM. Théodore Duret and Louis Gonse. To the first of these, Hokusai—*alias* Shunrô, *alias* Tokitaro, *alias* Hokusaiishi, *alias* Man Rôjin, "the Ancient of a Hundred Centuries," *alias* Gwa-kiô Rôjin Man, the "Old Man Infatuated with Pictures," for by any and all of these names did he sign his work—Hokusai is simply "le plus grand artiste que le Japon ait produit." To M. Gonse he is even more; his work is so good and complete that "à mes yeux il établit la formule définitive de l'æsthétique japonaise." These assumptions—arrogant, ill-founded, purely personal—are treated by Mr. Anderson more kindly than they deserve. But he is resolute to protest against them; and he shows conclusively that to compare Hokusai with Sesshiû, or Shiûbun, or Chô Densu, is much the same as comparing Daumier, the artist of the *Cent-et-un Robert Macaire*, with Raphael or Sandro Botticelli.

It remains to add a word as to the illustrations. There is scarce one but is worthy of comment; there is none but is useful in that it fits into its place in the general scheme, and is representative of the mode of thought and feeling to which it owes its being. Among them are examples of the great schools of wood-carving and bronze-founding which date from the beginnings of Japan; of the Tosa, Chinese, and Sesshiû schools at their best; of Tanyu and Motonobu, Yasunobu, and Kôrin; of Ôkio and Sosen; and of Hokusai and other lights of the Ukiyō-Yé Rîû which will gladden the heart and delight the eyes of every one interested in spontaneous and unaffected art.

#### TWO BOOKS ON IRELAND.\*

IT would be impossible to conceive two books more different in every respect, except that they have a certain community of subject, than the two books on Ireland which are now before us. Mr. Daunt's is fluently written, exhibits a considerable, if one-sided, study of history, is couched in regular literary form, presents itself, in short, in the best guise for attracting attention. The Lady "Felon's" (an awkward *nom de plume*, inasmuch as it needs the explanation that the Irish Nationalists regard landlords as "felons") is totally destitute of method, consists mainly of scraps and extracts from private letters, scarcely intelligible without elaborate annotation, which is not always given, lacks the most elementary notions of literary presentment, and may even repel careless or finical readers on that account. And yet Mr. Daunt is nothing but "words, words," and the Lady "Felon" has made a positive and valuable contribution to knowledge. We have chosen to review the two books—as we should like them to be read—together. Mr. O'Neill Daunt is, we have no doubt, an honest man in all relations of life; he is certainly such in the composition of the preface of his volume. Here he tells us that "England during the greater part of a century injured every Irish interest to the utmost of her power"; that the Union (he does not even mention '95 or '98) was the result of "the aroused jealousy of William Pitt and the English mercantile community," that recent votes of Grand Juries show "abject submission to the alien rule under which our country withers." We might quote much else; but these three statements are enough. They will show to any one who, like ourselves, is acquainted with the facts of Irish history that Mr. Daunt, if he knows those facts at all, regards them through such a mist of prejudice and animus that

\* *Essays on Ireland.* By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. Dublin: Gill. 1886.

*Letters from Donegal.* By a Lady "Felon." London and New York: Macmillan.

what he says can be of no value whatever. If we ourselves wrote on Ireland with a belief that England had throughout the ages acted with a disinterested regard to Ireland's good, we should not be more hopelessly disqualified *ab initio* from saying any true thing on the subject than Mr. Daunt is by his prepossession in the other direction. The result is that the ten or twelve historical essays which follow are not properly speaking historical essays at all. Whether the author is dealing with Swift's Ireland, or Burke's, or Mr. Butt's, whether he is handling the Church, or the Viceroyalty, or tithe, his general propositions are always before him, and he is consciously or unconsciously (we have little doubt that it is the latter) twisting the facts or blinking the facts, or, if necessary, inventing the facts to suit them. We would rather that an English Home Ruler of any brains, if such there be, should read Mr. Daunt's book than that he should read volumes on the other side. The almost incredible blindness which makes a man evidently of some ability and of considerable culture storm and rave about enactments unfriendly to Irish trade in the past without attempting to deal with the simple question, Why has not Irish trade, which for two, if not three, generations has been absolutely unshackled by any legislative interference, flourished recently? must be more striking even than the incontinence of language which talks of the "disgusting anti-national servility" of Irish landlords who object to be given up as mere sheep to the slaughter. Nor is the corresponding violence of expression in the articles on Irish taxation and on tithe nearly so remarkable as the absence of comprehension of the simplest elements of each question which the articles show. In short, Mr. Daunt is a fervent Nationalist and a fervent Roman Catholic, to whom the facts of history and the rules of logic are things to be brought into accordance with Nationalism and the more aggressive sort of Catholicism by the familiar methods of a metaphorical Inquisition. If they will yield easily, so much the better for them; if not, so much the worse—but yield they shall.

The Lady "Felon" is, we daresay, quite as prejudiced a person in her own way as Mr. O'Neill Daunt is in his. But whereas he fills his magic-lantern with fancy slides of past history, she is content to speak of that which she has seen and testify that which she does know. Of course it is open to Mr. Daunt and his friends to say that she is not telling the truth; but, whereas the falsity of our essayist's history is demonstrable from history itself, the Lady "Felon's" statements at least hold the ground till they are disproved. And very remarkable statements they are, guaranteed in effect by that very disjointedness and inelegance of form on which we have commented, and giving a picture, all the more effective for being so little "touched up," of the Parnellite Reign of Terror in Ireland, and not in one of the worst parts of Ireland. Perhaps the abundance of detail (it is all the more important as being mostly very small detail, making no figure singly and only effective in the lump) which goes to show the omnipotence of "the priest" may rebuff some very unthinking persons as intolerance. Alas! if the proof of intolerance is to be called intolerant, intolerance itself will have a good time of it; which, indeed, is what Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Morley count upon. The pamphlet contains invaluable material—though perhaps in this superficial age it would have been more effective if Colonel Maurice, who edits it, had worked up its facts into more telling form.

#### MISS SEWELL'S TALES.\*

WE are very glad to see that Messrs. Longmans have extended that plan of republishing their standard novels in cheap editions, which has already answered so well in the case of Lord Beaconsfield and the late Mr. Trollope, to Miss Sewell. We do not know what may be the recent statistics of the sale of these books. The tale (for we believe the author does not or did not like to have her books called "novels") which brought her first into reputation, *Amy Herbert*, was published when many men far now into middle life were themselves entirely "inédits," not merely in the world of literature but in that of life; and the greater part of the dozen of books before us was, if we do not mistake, produced in the forties and fifties. Miss Sewell has never condescended to the ordinary attractions of the novelist to the same extent as her younger and more prolific rival (in a very friendly rivalry), the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and while Miss Yonge has adapted herself year by year from croquet to tennis, and from the days when district-visiting was a novel and rather popish thing to the days of her favourite and mysterious "G.F.S.," Miss Sewell, though her pen has never been idle, and has even in these late years, we think, indulged now and then in fiction, has scarcely endeavoured to "keep up with the age." In this she may have been unwise, according to some standards; not according to others. For she does not seem to have at any time studied popularity, or aimed at possession of the circulating-library shelf. Her books have always been what the profane call "goody," and what may be accurately and offensively called books with a distinct and religious purpose, not merely a purpose not inconsistent with religion. This of itself gives them a certain element of permanence, at the same time that it detracts from their temporary popularity. They cannot compete merely as

novels for the general either with many worse books or with some better; they are entitled to exceptionally high rank as pastime in the intervals of the older and severer system of education, which, though it may have been at one time pushed too far, will never, it is to be hoped, go wholly out of fashion in England.

Nor must we be understood as conveying an expression of opinion that Amy Herbert and her companions are merely edifying. Our own first memory of them dates a good many years back, at a time when, as Mr. Thackeray remarks of other books, "they belonged to a fellow's sisters mostly," and when we nevertheless found them quite readable in the intervals of Scott and Marryat. And we find them very readable now in the intervals of very different reading, as well as of the same—for no man who begins reading Scott, if he is good for anything, ever leaves him off, and for our part we find *Peter Simple* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy* nearly as good companions as ever, though at longer intervals. The reason is clear. Miss Sewell may have been a little led away by the heresy of instruction, like George Eliot and M. Zola. But then her instruction is so much less open to objection than that of her companions. And, on the other hand, she has what M. Zola has not, though Miss Evans had, when she chose to use it, a working knowledge of human nature. A French critic of considerable ability in a recent study of the modern novel has pointed out a fact which we may claim to have discovered for ourselves and to have indicated often enough, that the immense superiority of technical construction in the common run of French novelists over the common run of English is compensated by the far greater amount of "souffle de vie" which the average English novelist infuses. Although foreigners often refuse to believe it, it is undoubtedly true that the characters of most French novels do not live. They correspond to a world of the merest convention. Now Miss Sewell's world would no doubt seem to M. Paul Bourget (for instance) a most deplorably dull, *borné*, and stupid world. It may seem to persons much less full of modernity than M. Bourget a world looked at rather one-sidedly, with standards of conduct unnecessarily narrow and theories of happiness unnecessarily austere. But it is a real world, and the people who move in it are real human beings. Indeed, if we felt inclined to be paradoxical, we might say that Miss Sewell is sometimes a very daring and successful Naturalist. It would be daring even now—it was more daring thirty years ago—to make a heroine like Katharine Ashton first live behind a shop and then actually go as lady's-maid with hardly a touch of romance to relieve this *tragédie bourgeoise*. The conjugal studies of *Margaret Percival*, for all their strict propriety and goody surroundings, remind one often of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and sometimes (we say it without fear) of Miss Austen herself. The battle between the sisters and the wife in *Gertrude*—if the writer's deliberate avoidance, not merely of anything like sensationalism, but of the most perfectly legitimate modes of appeal, had not made her almost go out of her way *not* to write a novel—would have been, and perhaps still is, worthy of the same comparison. But there is no doubt that Miss Sewell did choose, and very deliberately chose, to be at least as much the instructress of the grown-up schoolroom as its amuser; and she had, has, and we hope will long have, her reward. For our parts, if we may say it without shocking propriety by so Mahomedan a sentiment, we should not mind marrying several young women brought up upon her books and entertaining their sentiments. There are so many other and so many worse *écoles des femmes*.

#### MR. PARNELL AND THE FENIANS.\*

AT certain intervals Mr. Parnell deigns to descend from his mysterious dwelling-place and address a few words to an expectant public. His last appearance in print is a reply to Lord Hartington, denying in the most explicit terms any and every connexion with the Fenian bodies in America and Ireland. Lord Hartington had stated plainly that Mr. Parnell had accepted an alliance with the Fenian organization in America and in Ireland, and mentioned a pamphlet published recently which, he said, professed to give actual and precise details of the connexion that exists between the Parnellite party and the chiefs of the Fenian party. The pamphlet in question is before us, and the narrative appears to be perfectly coherent and capable of verification. Much of the matter recounted is ancient history, and deals with facts which cannot be denied. As, for instance, the well-known origin of the Land League; the action of Davitt and John Devoy in giving a new departure to Fenianism in 1878-9; the mission of Mr. Parnell to America in 1880, and his reception there by the leading Fenians of New York, most of whom had been notorious in days gone by for participation in insurrectionary movements. All these are established facts, and Mr. Parnell can no more deny their accuracy than he can deny the accuracy of the multiplication table. What is new to the world is the allegation that a large number of Mr. Parnell's followers in Parliament are actually sworn members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Why do not Messrs. J. J. O'Kelly, J. Nolan, Flynn, Kenny, Sheehy, Harris, Redmond (2), and W. O'Brien, &c. &c., deny these statements? *United Ireland* deals very severely with this "lurid libel"; but the editor, Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., takes care not to contradict a single fact stated, and

\* *The Earl's Daughter*. Cleve Hall. *Gertrude*. Katharine Ashton. *A Glimpse of the World*. *Ursula*. *Idora*. *Amy Herbert*. *The Experience of Life*. *London Parsonage*. *Margaret Percival*. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. New edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

\* *The Repeal of the Union Conspiracy; or, Mr. Parnell and the I.R.B.* London: William Ridgway.



there are many which must exercise him exceedingly. Was *United Ireland*, for example, ever brought out in Paris in 1881, and, while so brought out, is it a fact that the organ of Mr. Parnell, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Egan was practically managed by Messrs. Casey and Davis, two persons who were at the time correspondents of O'Donovan Rossa and Ford's newspapers, and who subsequently were compelled by the French Government to leave Paris as known dynamiters? Is it true, as stated and verified by quotations from the *Irish World*, that Mr. Egan presided on 17th of March, 1881, at a National banquet at which these leading Fenian conspirators were present? Is it true that Mr. Sexton, M.P., was well acquainted with these dynamiters in the year 1882? Mr. Parnell, by his own admission in Parliament on 4th of March, 1881 (as was proved in a recent letter to the *Times*), was in Paris early in 1881, and communicated by cable with Mr. Devoy in New York, and received a reply. How is it that just at this time all these different elements of the "Parnell movement," as Mr. T. P. O'Connor labels it, were collected together in Paris? According to Mr. Parnell, it must all have been the fortuitous concourse of revolutionary atoms; and those who like may believe this version of the story. Then comes the tremendous allegation that Mr. Egan himself, during the whole of his trusteeship of the Land League, was a leading member of the Privy Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and that Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., was a leading member of the Military Council of the I.R.B. Every one knows Mr. O'Kelly went to the Sudan. Why did he go? Ostensibly to act as a war correspondent. In reality to play the game of the Queen's enemies. There are British officials in Egypt to-day who could say even more than this. This, and a great deal more, we are told in this timely revelation.

Of all the interesting statements, however, perhaps the most interesting is that about the Phoenix Park murders. "No. 1" is now declared to be Captain McAfferty, an American officer formerly in the Confederate army, who was a chief actor in the Fenian drama of 1867, and who was sentenced to death for participation (with Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sheridan, and others of the same kidney) in the attempt upon Chester Castle. He was subsequently amnestied, and lived to revenge himself upon the British Government by organizing the formidable conspiracy. Was Mr. Egan in communication with this man in Paris, and, if so, was he aware, officially or unofficially, of his mission to Europe? These are questions which require a great deal of answering; and if Mr. Egan had not run away to America, he might have to answer them in the dock. The connexion of Mr. Frank Byrne (whose wife carried the knives to Dublin) with the invincible conspiracy has never been denied, nor is it denied that he was practically Mr. Parnell's private secretary at the offices of the Irish Parliamentary party in Westminster. Now we learn that the men who managed the escape of Byrne from England to France and from France to Russia were intimate friends and *employés* of Mr. Egan. Well might Lord Hartington ask "those Ministers who have the means of knowing, and many of them have the means of knowing, whether there does not exist to their knowledge the practical link and connexion between the leaders of the Parnellite party and the Fenian Society in America, which welds them to all intents and purposes into one organization hostile to the interests and prosperity of this country." The really interesting question which requires clearing up is how far the undoubted connexion between some of Mr. Parnell's supporters and the Irish-American extremists can be traced and established. Mr. Parnell himself has been very cautious, and might even sustain successfully a heavy cross-examination in a witness-box upon the point. He has sublimated himself, so to speak, in a subtle way above his fellows. Unapproachable and inscrutable, solitary and jealous, he has sat enthroned upon a volcano of secret conspiracy, seeing nothing but what he ought to see, and never letting his constitutional right hand—Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.—know what his unconstitutional left hand—Mr. O'Kelly, M.P.—was doing. In the present pamphlet the relations between Mr. Parnell and the Irish revolutionary party on both sides of the Atlantic seem clearly proved. To any fair-minded persons the undeniable facts of contemporary history which have been stated carry with them strong conclusions. These are—1. That a conspiracy to Repeal the Union between Great Britain and Ireland has been in existence since 1878. 2. That the parties to that conspiracy were threefold—namely, the original promoters of the new departure in Fenianism in New York, Mr. Parnell, M.P., and his Parliamentary party, assisted by Mr. Davitt and the Fenian Society in the United Kingdom, and subsequently Captain McAfferty, and the Clan-na-Gael Dynamite wing of the Fenian Brotherhood in America, which was revived in 1881. 3. That Mr. Parnell, M.P., has been from the very beginning of this conspiracy dependent upon his American subsidizers; that he has been forced to alter his policy from time to time according to their directions, and that the action of the dynamiters has been generally contingent upon the action of the Parnellites. Now that the secret history of this very remarkable "constitutional" conspiracy is known, the world can judge of the truth of Mr. Parnell's denials and of the supreme folly of English politicians. The marvellous spectacle has been exhibited of the British Empire lying helpless at the feet of a group of unscrupulous American conspirators who terrified a Prime Minister into compliance with the demand of their Parliamentary tool. A Yankee captain gave the word of command, the Irish agitator carried his orders into effect, and a British statesman succumbed without even a struggle. This, in a few words, describes the situation of the past six months. Let us come to the conclusion of the whole

matter. Is an independent Ireland possible? Can England ever grant the demands of the Parnell-Devoy-Gladstone-McAfferty confederation for a separate Parliament in Dublin? The answer must be a stern No. The demands of Mr. Parnell's party have been formulated in blood, urged with dynamite, and well nigh forced upon an unwilling country by a political *coup de main*. To those who know the true character of the "Parnell movement" and the men who lead it, the idea of handing over to them the government of Ireland is supremely ridiculous. Seventy-five per cent. probably of the so-called leaders of the conspiracy do not believe in the possibility of its success, but continue in the organization because they cannot, or care not to, leave it. Twenty-five per cent. are reckless men inspired with a mad hatred against England and a false sentiment for Ireland. In their mouths the words Liberty and Justice are defiled, and mean nothing but the satisfaction of private greed and wrongs or the wreaking of a supposed national vengeance. The Parnellite Parliamentary party is a congeries of political adventurers handled by a small group of clever and unscrupulous wire-pullers and journalists, hungry for office and secretly eager to get rid of their American paymasters. But that is now impossible. They have spoilt their own business by too great cunning and an over-refinement of political ingenuity. They are inextricably connected with the Irish Revolutionary party, and can never escape the nemesis of the double game they have played.

#### A BOOK OF SONGS.\*

IF the reviewer of novels often makes his moan heard as to the oceans of rubbish over which he has to make his way, the reviewer of music is equally chastened. Any young lady or budding undergraduate who can pick out a tune with one finger thinks herself or himself justified in giving to the world what she or he is pleased to call a "composition," which, if not a polka (the most usual form of this unpleasant craze), is sure to be a song. The oasis in the desert would not seem such a paradise to the traveller if he had not journeyed over arid stretches of sand before he reached the shade of the palm-trees and heard the ripple of water. Even so, we who have journeyed over sandy tracts innumerable of (so-called) music can the more readily appreciate the oasis that Mr. Mackenzie has prepared for us in his volume of songs here noticed. They are, indeed, a pleasant change from the ordinary English ballad, which is usually so gruesome and melancholy a form of melody. The opening song of the collection is a most charming setting of Burns's words "Phyllis the Fair." The music has a quaint, old-fashioned lilt about it that reminds one somewhat of some of the gems of the old English ditties, "Phyllida flouts me," or "Robin, lend to me thy bow." Those who know these two ditties will understand what we mean by the comparison; while those who do not will owe us gratitude for having brought them to their knowledge. The fifth song in Book I. is a beautiful song for a soprano, who is sure of her high notes, and has a proper knowledge of what is technically known as *flamanto di voce*. By those who do not understand that difficult art the song had best be avoided. Another soprano song, less difficult but equally beautiful, is the "Russian Love Song," wherein Mr. Mackenzie has most happily caught the wild "folk-song" feeling of Mr. Blaikie's words. Throughout the three books which make up this volume of songs Mr. Mackenzie is generally to be congratulated on his choice of authors whose poetry he has so aptly set to music. We suppose it is to a certain extent unavoidable that so many musicians should all think it fit and necessary to set certain well-known words to music; but we must confess we should have preferred not to find in Mr. Mackenzie's volumes such terribly hackneyed poems as "What does little birdie say" (of which in this volume alone there are two settings), and "Oh hush thee, my Babe." In the poetry of Christina Rossetti Mr. Mackenzie evidently finds a kindred chord, for the music he has written to two of her songs, "The first Spring Day," and the well-known and exquisite "When I am dead," is the best in the volume before us. This, indeed, is the gem of the collection.

#### THE ILLAD IN BLANK VERSE.†

MR. CORDERY shows himself well acquainted with those curious lectures of Mr. Matthew Arnold's in which, after saying countless good things about Homer, Mr. Arnold himself "dropped into" English hexameters. His teaching might warn a translator against blank verse, as much as hexameters are discredited by his example. It is into blank verse, however, that Mr. Cordery translates the *Iliad*, and we must admit that his version is not inordinately attractive. He prints the Greek opposite his English, and a scholar may amuse a half-hour by comparing the blank verse with the original, and by considering how he himself would do it, if it had to be done. But the translation is by no means close or literal enough to make the Greek of much use to a beginner who is trying to learn the language of the *Iliad*. Mr. Cordery's translation, in short, is one of those

\* *An Album of Songs*. By A. C. Mackenzie. London and New York: Novello, Ewer, & Co.

† *The Iliad of Homer*. By T. G. Cordery. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

which are invaluable to the translator, which heighten and intensify his appreciation of the Homeric genius, but which are by no means indispensable to the English reader. The blank verse is readable and has considerable variety in its numbers, but it is uninspired, as is the blank verse of all but a very few English poets. Now uninspired blank verse cannot but be a poor substitute for "the strong-winged music of Homer," and yet the medium he has chosen does not, apparently, permit Mr. Cordery to stick as close to his original as one might desire. In his opening passage there is a decided awkwardness and ambiguity:—

Sing, Goddess, of Achilles, Peleus' son,  
The Wrath that rose disastrous, and the cause  
Of woes unnumbered to Achæa's host,  
Casting full many a hero's mighty ghost  
Too soon to Hades.

It is extraordinary that, in the third and fourth lines of a huge exercise in blank, Mr. Cordery should have slipped into rhyming heroic verse. The verse, to be plain, is execrable here. We have not only the rhymes of "host" and "ghost," but a disagreeable shock and consonance, audible when the piece is read aloud, between "cause" and "casting." Nor is it at all clear whether the Goddess is being asked to sing of Achilles, Peleus' son, or of the Wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son. In the original *Mêνν*, the subject, comes first, and strikes the key-note of the whole, while Mr. Cordery has to relegate the Wrath to his second line, where it is disjointed and far from clear in sense. It is always difficult to get under way, and in all books men write their worst at first; but few translators have begun with anything quite so lame as Mr. Cordery's exordium.

A translation can be pretty fairly criticized by the examination of specimens. His earliest lines are fortunately no fair specimen of Mr. Cordery's work. It is more just to review the beautiful passage in Book vi. 144, in which Glaucus recounts his ancestry, and tells Diomedes the story of Bellerophon. For the famous simile, *οὐκ ἔστι φύλλον γενεῇ*, Mr. Cordery gives, not very inadequately,

The race of man is even as the race of leaves;  
The wind sheds some to the ground, but others bud  
Fresh on the tree and multiply at spring;  
So some fair lives bud fresh, but others die.

The last line here seems to us wholly to miss the sense. Any English reader would suppose Mr. Cordery to mean that some men live long and others not:—

So some fair lives bud fresh, but others die.

Mr. Leaf, in his prose version, has, correctly, "So of the generations of men one springeth and another passeth away." The generations of men, not individual lives, are being compared in this genealogical passage to the generations of leaves. It may be pedantic to regard "horse-abounding Argos" as scarcely a perfect rendering of *Ἀργεὺς ἵπποβότοιο*. Bellerophon,

With a most perfect manhood by the Gods,

gives what is implied in *κάλλος τε καὶ ἡρότην ἔρατεινῃν*, but it seems a pity to slur, as it were, the two ideas that make up the Greek conception of perfect manhood, beauty and strength. Later, "wrought him much hurt" is not a good rendering of *κακὰ μίσσας θυμῷ*. The ill that Prætus did Bellerophon was more in design than in fulfilment, as the Greek shows. Then follows a rather ambiguous passage, which Mr. Cordery has a right to take as he does, though we think the sense is that Prætus drove Bellerophon from the land of the Argives, rather than as Mr. Cordery gives it. When Mr. Cordery writes that Antea "did not so beguile Bellerophon," he omits the very unusual Homeric testimony to the hero's ethics conveyed in *ἀγαθὰ φρονέοντα*. In his new edition of the first twelve books Mr. Leaf well remarks in a note, "ἀγαθὰ here only in Homer approaches our word 'good' in the moral sense." Even here the idea seems to be "being of an excellently wise disposition," and Mr. Leaf appropriately quotes *φρεσὶ γὰρ κίχρητ' ἀγαθῶσι*, and adds, "The idea of an absolute standard of moral virtue, which is connoted by our phrases, 'a good man,' 'a good deed,' and the like, is later than Homer." These are the touches which it is very hard for a poetical translator to preserve, even when his vehicle is so simple and unexact as blank verse seems at first sight to be. The *locus classicus* about writing Mr. Cordery renders thus:—

A folded tablet, written o'er with signs  
Of evil, many tokens meaning death.

Later, the recipient of the tablet "craved to read if aught of tidings from Antea's spouse he bore." Here *θυμοφθόρα* is ambiguous in the Greek; but Mr. Cordery's "tokens meaning death" may pass. Mr. Leaf, in a note, says "θυμοφθόρα seems to indicate the frame of mind with which savages regard writing—as a magical process, that is, which is capable of working mysterious effects upon the bearer." Do savages take that view? In New Caledonia Mr. J. J. Atkinson gave a Kanaka a written order for a bottle of whisky from the stores to be brought to his station. Next day the same Kanaka presented himself at the stores with a scrap of bark on which he had scrawled scratches at random. He was much disappointed at the failure of his magic to procure another bottle of whisky, which would doubtless have "worked mysterious effects upon the bearer." But he did not expect any mysterious subjective effects from his *σῆμα*. Mr. Cordery's rendering "craved to read" for *ἤθεε σῆμα ἰδέσθαι* rather begs the

archæological question as to whether the *σῆμα* were writing. But perhaps to consider thus is to consider too curiously. Later in the passage the epithet of the Amazons *ἀρταρείας* is not translated at all by Mr. Cordery, though it is essential.

Mr. Cordery shows much ingenuity in rendering

*ἦτοι ὁ κῆρ πεδίον τὸ Ἀλφειον, οἷος ἀλγος*

by

he roamed the waste  
Named of his wanderings to this day,

where the *Volksetymologie* is happily preserved.

By way of an example of Mr. Cordery's style, we quote the lament of Helen over Hector (xxiv. 762):—

Dearest of all my brethren unto me!  
Ye know that godlike Paris is my spouse,  
Who brought me here. Would I had died before!  
And now the twentieth year is past and gone  
Since I came thence, and left my native land;  
Yet never have I heard, through all these years,  
One word of slight or scolding from thy lips.  
Nay, if another of thy royal house  
Pointed a taunt, a brother's wife perchance,  
Thy brethren or thy mother—but thy sire  
Was ever loving as he were my own—  
Thou still wouldst chide it, and wouldst stay the blow  
With thine own gentle heart and gentle words.  
Wherefore I weep thee and myself the while,  
Weep for the very anguish of my soul,  
For there is none left now throughout broad Troy  
Loving or kind to me, whom all abhor!

It is a pity that this noble passage was not incorporated in the romances from which Caxton drew the *Destruction of Troy*. Then we might have had the Lament of Helen as wonderfully rendered as the last words over Lancelot. But Caxton merely writes:—"What might men say of the sorrow the Queen his Mother made, and afterward his Sister; oh what sorrow made his Wife! there can no man express their several griefs." Yet these were expressed by Homer.

Mr. Cordery's notes, though scanty, are full of interest to students of Homer. The plan of his book, the large readable type, and the introduction of the whole Greek text, swells the whole into a couple of stout volumes, and leaves him little room for literary criticism. Yet the criticisms which he offers are generally excellent. On the whole, the tendency of his opinion is against the commentators who rend the sacred body of Homer as the Thracian women rent Orpheus. The "incoherency" which has been detected in the plan of the epic he thinks "rather a blemish in the structure of the original Iliad than a proof of a subsequent aggregation of separate poems." To our mind, as to Mr. Cordery's, the author of the Iliad stood in much the same relation to earlier minstrels as Scott did (the illustration is our own) to the ballad-men of the Border. The pre-existence of ballad and legend was necessary to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and the pre-existence of Greek poems of various kinds was necessary to the Iliad. But we cannot believe that the Iliad is an "aggregate" of these older lays. Probably they were not exactly ballads, or *Volkstlieder*, but the much more highly organized *chansons* of professional bards attached to royal houses. This would be the chief of Homer's material, and he used it in his own way. There are, of course, inconsistencies in the Iliad; minor personages die and come to life again. The poet in his disinclination "to let the Trojan dogs have the best of it," as Dr. Johnson said of the Whigs, cannot bring himself easily to permit the Greeks to be beaten. Yet they ought to have been well and promptly beaten, if the Wrath of Achilles was to be as prominent as the poet intended to make it. But it does not at all follow, from such discrepancies as these, that the Iliad is a composite mass of lays. Even to-day, even with proofs and revises galore, our novelists make mistakes out of all proportion worse than Homer's. Perhaps they do not bring dead men to life, but that is because none of them introduce two vast armies as *dramatis personæ*. In every other respect Mr. Payn and Mrs. Oliphant keep Homer's little errors in countenance. The fact is that Homer's discrepancies are an argument against some Homeric theories of an aggregate of poems, made as late as Mr. Paley, for example, would suppose. In such a late age, an expert editor having MSS. before him would have got rid of the discrepancies. They are perfectly natural, if we suppose that Homer could write, but did not live in an age of readers, nor in an age of copious and convenient writing materials. Suppose that the poet, like some early Trouvères, could write, but composed his poem for an audience—for hearers, not for readers—add the difficulties in revising which beset a man who had only skins, or sheets of lead, or even of papyrus, to write on, and it is impossible but that such errors must have escaped him as now too often escape novelists in an age of paper and printing. Probably every writer of a novel with a complicated plot will admit that, but for proof-sheets and revises, he would have been guilty of crowds of blunders. Any German critic, however dull, could with ease demonstrate that almost any modern novel is a composite work, by various hands, in various ages. Mr. Cordery argues with great force against the view that the epic should have ended with the death of Hector. One might as well maintain that the sculptures in a pediment should end with the struggling warriors in the centre of the group. The Greeks had a very different notion of art from that entertained by commentators, ancient or modern. Thus, to a heroic Greek's mind, the Odyssey could not possibly end, where even Alexandrian critics would have ended it, with the recognition of Odysseus by Penelope. The heroic Greek could



not be at ease till he knew how Odysseus escaped the blood-fest for the slaying of the Wooers. But this was a point that the Alexandrian Greek or the modern German quite overlooked. The reconciliation of the blood-fest seemed otiose and superfluous to these critics. In the same way, as Mr. Cordery says, "it is more legitimate art, it is certainly more in accordance with all that we gather of Greek taste, to conclude the epic of the Wrath of Achilles by the representation of the manner in which it was appeased, rather than by that of its indulgence at its highest and most ungovernable pitch."

We have not been able to praise absolutely Mr. Cordery's translation of the *Iliad*, but he assuredly has a thorough understanding of the Homeric spirit.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN the tragic incident (a phrase not chargeable with incorrectness or flippancy) which opened, or at least called public attention to, the late troubles of France in Tonquin occurred, it had consequences which were calculated to excite a mild and not inhumane amusement in contemplative minds. Captain Rivière had been writing stories, not destitute of merit, for some twenty years, and nobody had paid any very particular attention to them. It was suddenly discovered that he was, not only a hero, but a genius; his works were made the text of discourses on the superiority of French to English novels; and it is reported that some persons actually set up in business as critics on the strength of familiarity with *La main coupée*. Since then his works appear to have been fished out with a diligence only surpassed by the Salvage Corps which has been similarly occupied in England over the relics of the late Mr. Fergus. We do not know what is the previous history of the *nouvelles* contained in this volume (1); and, according to a bad habit too common in England and almost universal in France, no information is vouchsafed in the volume itself. The tales are characteristic enough of the author's manner, and by no means without merit. *La Marquise d'Argantini*, in which a sort of modern Joan of Naples entices (at Naples itself) a young Frenchman into her nets, and "Madame de Ferlon," in which a justly indignant, but insane and rather theatrical, husband ties his wife's lover to the mast of a boat, and then drowns his wife through a convenient trap, are stories whose mere subjects speak for themselves. With the themes of the earlier Romantics Rivière had caught something of their manner; but he fell just short of the excellence which is required in such work.

We did not like "Gyp" + "Trois Etoiles" nearly so well as "Gyp" by herself, and we do not like "Trois Etoiles" by him or herself nearly as well as "Gyp" + "Trois Etoiles." *Allemandes* (2) is a title which half explains itself, and we need say little more than that it is a contribution to *la revanche* which strikes our impartial British minds as not very amusing, distinctly ineffective polemically, and in atrociously bad taste. A tale called "Mlle. Agnès" deserves to be excepted from this severe verdict, with some others or parts of others. But, as a rule, the stories turn either on ridicule of the domestic virtues of German women or on insinuations that they are something less than so very virtuous after all. The two things don't agree very well together, and as for the first—why the memory of Sedan and the rest does not seem to us very well suited to turn the laugh against that one of the two countries which thinks it not the worst occupation of a woman to bear children and bring them up with stout bodies and clean minds.

*Jeanne de Mercœur* (3) is one of the stories of *ne'er-do-weels* who marry for money, and are reclaimed, body, soul, and fortune, by wives much too good for them. There is no harm in it; it means to be quite on virtue's side. But we are not sure of the morality of making the primrose path so very primrose, and of cutting off so obligingly its usual termination. *Jeanne de Mercœur*, however, is a book of merit. Of M. de Spengler's volume of stories (4) we are obliged to say that mercy must proclaim them the very mildest, and that truthful bluntness might perhaps call them the very silliest, narratives that have been printed in this year of grace. The force of copybook morals and commonplace sentiments can hardly further go. *Lucretie* (5), on the other hand, though dealing in great part with a sordid and repulsive state of society, shows considerable power both of writing and character-drawing. The "peculiar institution" of France—at least the France of novels—has seldom been portrayed in a less inviting fashion than in the amours (one can't call them loves) of Angèle Brughol and her "M. Alexandre." But the revulsion of feeling which lifts Mme. Brughol's daughter, in sheer disgust at her mother's fault, into a better and, so to speak, contrary career, is very well worked out, and the book is far more *réçu* than the volumes of conventional naturalism to which French literary slang is wont to apply the term. *Jean-de-Jeanne* (6) also deserves praise. We have had occasion before to speak well of M. Pouillon's studies of the peasantry of Southern France; but this is, we think, the best thing he has done yet. It is a very quiet study—almost of still life in great

part of it—but it is excellently written, and the characters are delicately touched. Another of M. Narjoux's pictures of French official life, thrown into the frame of a novel, is before us (7). It would perhaps be better if the author abandoned the novel form, which does not seem very well suited to him, and gave his sketches "dispersedly." In themselves they are not unamusing by any means. *En commandite* (8), by an author long well known in collaboration with M. Texier, is chiefly theatrical, or rather operatic, but has a considerable spice of human interest as well.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF we are to believe romancers and novelists, there is not much romance in trade. The youthful Frank Osbaldistone, when engaged in his father's office, was wont to let his romantic fancy fly southward to the Garonne, disdainful of ledgers and cash-books. That the history of commerce possesses its aspects of romance is well exhibited by Mr. Thomas Ellison in *The Cotton Trade of Great Britain* (Erfingham Wilson). This compendious account of the great Lancashire industry is professedly a manual for the use of manufacturers and others connected with the trade; it includes clear and precise notices of the Liverpool cotton market and Cotton Brokers' Association, full statistical tables of exports and imports, short biographical sketches of prominent merchants and brokers, and a valuable and very interesting historical summary setting forth the origin and development of the cotton manufacture in this country. Apart from the historical survey of the subject, these matters belong to the history of Manchester and Liverpool, and do not greatly exercise the imagination. It is only when considered in connexion with Mr. Ellison's abstract of history that their full significance becomes apparent. The opening chapters contain a brief, though lucid, account of the progress of the industry, from its infancy to the revolution effected by the introduction of steam-power and the inventions of Hargreaves, the Kays, Arkwright, Crompton, and Cartwright. Mr. Ellison's introductory remarks on the antiquity of cotton manufactures and the extraordinary conservatism that has characterized the weaving and spinning handicrafts in India, are singularly suggestive. To the average observer the disparity between the manual processes and those of modern machinery seems almost immeasurable. This, however, is far from being the case. "Fabrics," says Mr. Ellison, "as fine as any that can be turned out at the present day by the most perfect machinery in Lancashire were produced by the nimble fingers of Hindoo spinners and the primitive looms of Hindoo weavers a thousand years before the invasion of Britain by the Romans." "What is still more astonishing," he adds, "is the circumstance that the cotton with which this wonderful perfection was attained was the much-despised *Surats*, and the still more despised *Bengals* of modern times." People who forget that calicoes came from Calicut, and muslins from India, by way of Mosul, may profitably muse on these facts. The enormous productive power of machine-work, contrasted with that of skilled manual labour, is vividly realized by comparing the previous statement with the author's figures and observations on the results that have ensued on the introduction of cotton-mills in India (p. 317). Fifteen years ago the annual consumption of cotton by Indian mills amounted to 87,000 bales, with only 338,000 spindles at work. Last year the amount was 585,000 bales, the spindles 1,700,000. This remarkable change has taken place in a land that was the cradle of the industry in remotest times, and whose textile fabrics have remained unrivalled for more than twenty centuries. It is not surprising that the equally ancient arts of carpet-weaving and dyeing should now languish in India, or that *Dacca* muslins, as Sir George Birdwood laments, are fast losing their delicate beauty, and native cotton fabrics continue to suffer by the importation of English yarn. The fine hand-woven fabrics of Bhandara and Nagpur cannot long withstand the competition of the Nagpur cotton-mills. It will be a strange retribution if ever the mills of India seriously compete with Manchester; yet this is one of the curious problems suggested by Mr. Ellison's interesting book.

For the "Clarendon Press Series" Mr. Thomas Arnold has edited and annotated the sixth book of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* (Oxford: Clarendon Press). The choice of this particular book cannot but be considered judicious, if the principle that permits the detachment of any portion of a great work, and its separate publication, be admitted as not less sound than plausible. In a brief biographical notice the editor alludes to the gratitude due to the memory of Clarendon from the University, and gracefully observes that the present volume may not be an unworthy contribution towards acquitting the debt. The notes are skilfully compiled from the wide field of literature, contemporary and recent, illustrative of the subject. The student's appreciation of Mr. Arnold's work is not unlikely to take the natural, though perhaps inconvenient, form of a demand for similar instalments of Clarendon's "History."

A lively and graphic performance is *The Cruise of the Alabama*, by "One of the Crew" (Boston: Houghton & Co.). No one can accuse the narrator of too exalted an estimate of the exploits in which he shared. Though he speaks with unvarying respect of Captain Semmes, and describes himself as a native of South Carolina, he seems to have been but a lukewarm Confederate, if

(1) *La Marquise d'Argantini*. Par H. Rivière. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Allemandes*. Par \* \* \*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Jeanne de Mercœur*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Le secret de Horta*. Par F. de Spengler. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *Lucretie*. Par E. Callot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Jean-de-Jeanne*. Par E. Pouillon. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Le ministère de Martial Ravignac*. Par F. Narjoux. Paris: Plon.

(8) *En commandite*. Par Camille Le Senne. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

we may judge from the frequency of his depreciatory or contemptuous references to the crew of the *Alabama* and their equipment. On the whole, he thinks, the reputation of that notorious vessel was cheaply obtained, and her career exceedingly fortunate up to her brief and fatal encounter with the *Kearsarge*. The story is usefully illustrated by plans and notes.

Mr. H. C. Beeching's annotated edition of *Julius Caesar* (Rivingtons) represents a near approach to the ideal Shakespeare for schools. The notes are apt, concise, and necessary; the glossary is carefully compiled and not burdened with debatable matter. The author's comparative analysis of the characters of Brutus and Cassius must be commended for its breadth and avoidance of subtleties.

Two small volumes of analytical studies of Shakespeare by "Oxon" are of a more elaborate kind, and show considerable industry and ingenuity. The first is an *Analysis and Study of the Leading Characters of Hamlet* (Swan Sonnenschein); the second is a similar examination of *As You Like It* and *Macbeth*. The opinions of critics of all degrees of authority are freely cited on points of controversy, with results that must be very bewildering to the open mind of the reader. For instance, we are offered eighteen medical arguments in support of the theory of Hamlet's madness and seventeen arguments against this view; all this conflicting opinion is left to the reader to summarize, instead of being reduced to a minimum by the author's criticism. The analysis of characters in *Macbeth* is a little fine-drawn in parts, particularly in the observations on Banquo. There is not a little humour in the author's confession that "as a descendant of Banquo" his intention is to do him justice and to expose the folly of the German commentator Flathe, who is described as "the chief enemy of Banquo."

*How I Managed and Improved my Estate* (G. Bell & Sons) is a reprint of a series of interesting papers that appeared lately in the *St. James's Gazette*. The story of the writer's experience clearly proves him to be possessed of uncommon resources in devising economies. His book offers valuable suggestions to owners ambitious of managing their estates.

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